

THE REMARKABLE
T R I A L
OF THE *641. c. 24*
QUEEN OF QUAVERS,
AND *Farmer*
HER ASSOCIATES,
FOR
SORCERY, WITCHCRAFT, AND ENCHANTMENT,
AT THE
ASSIZES HELD IN THE MOON,
FOR
THE COUNTY OF GELDING,
BEFORE THE
Rt. Hon. SIR FRANCIS LASH,
Lord Chief Baron of the Lunar Exchequer.

Double double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Taken in Short Hand, by JOSEPH DEMOCRITUS,
and WILLIAM DIOGENES.

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1777/3

N. B. The Reader will find, in the course of this Trial, a striking analogy between the events of the lunatick Empire, and the vicissitudes of old England. This, however, must not excite his surprise, since it is well known, that this Globe is but a Moon, and appears so to the lunar inhabitants, the same as their Globe appears to us; and it is likely enough that, when these Globes meet together, they stare and wonder at one another, like Trapolino and the Duke.

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THE TRIAL, &c.

*At the Assizes in the Moon on Thursday,
December the 9th, 1777, The Queen of
QUAVERS, and her Associates, being
brought to the Bar, were arraigned for
the Crime of Sorcery, Witchcraft, and
Enchantment.*

The INDICTMENT found by the
GRAND INQUEST.

THE Jurors of our Sovereign Lord
the Emperor of the Moon, upon
their Oath, present, that the Queen of
QUAVERS, and her Associates, late of the
Parish of Fiddlestick, in the County of
Gelding, not having the fear of God, but
only the love of Money, before their Eyes,
and being most wickedly skilled and hack-
neyed in the ways of the Devil, that is,
in the unlawful and infamous tricks of the
Black Art, did knowingly, wilfully, and of
their malice afore-thought, bewitch and
enchant out of their wits the most confi-
derable part of the good subjects of the
Lunatick Empire, in order to have a fair
opportunity of picking their pockets, a-
gainst the peace of our said Emperor, his
crown and dignity.

B

After

After the prisoners had been arraigned upon the above indictment, to which they pleaded **NOT GUILTY**, twelve worthy * Cheesemongers, deeply versed in the Law, were called and sworn upon the Jury. The usual charge then being received from the Clerk of the Arraignment, and the indictment recited, Mr. CUNNING opened the circumstances of the case :

Counsel for the Crown, Counsel for the Prisoners,
Mr. CUNNING. Mr. Serjeant GRIN.

Mr. CUNNING.

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,

I never appeared before this honourable Court on a more awful occasion, than at the present juncture. The safety of the nation, and the glory of this mighty Empire, are both essentially concerned in the cause, which I am now preparing to submit to the sagacity of your enquiries. Impressed with a just sense of the importance of this Trial, I beg leave, my Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, to solicit the favour of your serious attention, while I

* It will not be amiss to observe, that the Cheesemongers of the Lunatick Empire, are people of the highest consequence ; which has very likely given rise to the vulgar opinion, that the moon is made of green cheese.

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shall use my utmost endeavours to unfold every material transaction, and to convey to your mind clear, faithful, and full information.

The prisoners at the bar, namely, *Polly Farmer*, commonly called the Queen of Quavers, Dicky Blunderall, and Goody Crooks, are charged with several infernal dealings, and diabolical contrivances, in consequence of a treaty of alliance (an alarming family compact) concluded between them and our common enemy, the notorious Prince of Darkness. By this hellish covenant, Satan has engaged himself to lend the prisoners his assistance, whenever they shall stand in need of it: he is likewise bound to comply with all their demands and caprices, though never so greedy and ridiculous. The pride, avarice, lust, and impertinence of the Queen of Quavers, and her associates, he must gratify to a tittle, and during the whole course of seven years, at the expiration of which he will get possession of their souls; which, by the bye, is but a sorry bargain for Mr. Devil: and it must be confessed, that in this particular he has been shamefully taken in. The prisoners are certainly liable to an action for usury, and I am authorized by law to declare, that old Nick would infallibly recover damages to a considerable amount. I should now proceed to a detail of

the various mischiefs the Queen of Quavers, and her accomplices have put the Devil upon for their iniquitous purposes: but for brevity's sake, as well as to avoid the blame of engaging your Lordship's and the Jury's attention in trifling occurrences, shall rest the main of the prosecution on a peculiar point. I mean to indicate to your Lordship and the Gentlemen of the Jury, that much lamentable and contagious distemper, called the **QUAVERING ITCH**, which has lately pervaded and infected the whole atmosphere of this once so glorious Empire: The theory of this cruel disorder, I shall endeavour to expound in a few words. The Quavering Itch is occasioned by an imp, who assuming the shape of a fly, slides through the ear, and gets into the pineal gland: there it dries up the ethereal spirit, which is the essence of the soul, and produces of course a total alienation of mind. The box of Pandora did not contain a more pernicious calamity: It is the fierce Medea that cuts and dismembers children *; and the barbarous Circe, by whom human creatures are metamorphosed into brutes. Hence those who are afflicted with this disease, are so apt to whinny like colts, croak like frogs, bellow like bulls, roar like lions, squeak like pigs, and most commonly bray like asses.

* The Castrati.

Their

Their mental powers are exceedingly impaired, and imbruted to such a degree, that they shew the most inveterate aversion to any thing bearing the stamp of genius and rationality. Impenetrable dullness, and superlative ignorance, are the favourite ladies to whom they pay their warm and constant addresses; and contrary to the system of Plato, who places the *summum bonum* in regular beauty; they stick to deformity, and distortions of nature: in them they have fixed the standard of their gout, and the scope of their groveling appetites. It is in consequence of this amazing depravity of taste, that seven exotick animals *yclep'd* castrati were lately imported from the Continent, at a most enormous expence. — Such filthy lumps of mortality as the wilds of Africa never produced! — They have the look of a crocodile, the grin of an ape, the legs of a peacock, the paunch of a cow, the shape of an elephant, the brains of a goose, the throat of a pig, and the tail of a mouse; to crown the whole, if you sit but a few moments in their company, you will be sure of having your nostrils perfumed in a strange manner; for they have continually about them the odoriferous effluvia of onion and garlick, so that you would swear, that they always carry their dinner in their pockets. On this account, in a certain merry kingdom, they are not suffered to fix their residence;

residence; and when the notorious Patagonian Castrato * ventured to squeak a few quavers before the loveliest Queen in the universe, she suddenly quitted the room, expressing her utmost contempt in the following emphatick manner: QUELLE BETTE! Indeed it is not possible to conceive a more nauseous and odious creature than a Castrato; yet among the crazy inhabitants of the Moon, the title of *La Chaponardiere* is taken for the synonymous term of *right honourable*. In Turkey, the highest station an eunuch can aspire to, is to be slave to the Grand Signior: but here he becomes the Grand Signior himself, and can command our most enchanting females, especially those that are not yet initiated into the mysteries of the *naked truth*; for they are the warmest admirers of this cattle, and some of them do even indulge so far the illusions of their enthusiasm, that they are for ever crying up Signor Rascalini's *great parts* and *fine understanding*. In several countries, whenever an eunuch is seen at large, it is reckoned a bad omen; and we have the authority of Lucian, who affirms, that in his time, whoever met a Castrato or eunuch in the street, would suddenly turn back to his

* Signor Savoi, who went to France a few months ago, and had the impudence to appear before the Queen.

own house, and shut himself in for three days, as the meeting of such an object never failed to portend some serious disaster. The most fatal national calamities were always announced by prodigies and monstrous appearances, as we find it faithfully attested by the best historians, from Livy and Plutarch down to Guichardin. Now I request your Lordship, and the Gentlemen of the Jury, to perpend this topic with some degree of attentiveness, it being a discussion of the greatest importance. It is acknowledged on all hands, that a Castrato is a monster, nay the monster of monsters, as a celebrated poet * has it: for he is neither man nor woman, but something betwixt the human species and the brute creation, like a monkey, and may be properly termed an outlaw of nature. As we observed before, there are at this time among us seven of these outlaws, who not unlike the seven fiends mentioned in the Gospel, have possessed the Magdalens of the Moon: the consequence, my Lord, is both dismal and obvious. Neither do I think it improper to add, that the peculiarity of the number renders still the matter infinitely more alarming; for we may affirm, upon the authority of wise calculators, and great advancers of truth, that the number seven is an unlucky number, and commonly attended with mischief.

* Claudian.

Sceptical infidelity may perhaps treat this conceit as the offspring of superstitious folly, and the revery of a distempered brain; but let them blot out the uncontroverted records of history, and the stubborn evidence of indubitable facts, who dare refuse their belief unto this our asseveration. The learned Bodinus has made up a long catalogue of the direst events, transmitted to posterity, and such as were big with the fate of whole nations, and proved the utter subversion of the noblest Empires. He has shewn that most, nay all of 'em bear date of the month of September, and of years containing some sevens, or cast up by septenaries. Our deepest politicians are perfectly well assured, that septennial Parliaments are the highest curse of the people in the Moon, and I have myself considered many a time, that the most foolish and insignificant of our diversions* begins exactly at seven o'clock. It is remarkable enough, that at the time of the late earthquake of Lisbon, the king of Portugal, kept precisely seven castrati for the service of his Court: so that I should not be surpris'd in the least, to hear soon an account of some huge calamity fallen on this tottering Empire; for instance, the late surrender of one of our Generals,

* The Opera,

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the loss of our richest provinces, and the general bankruptcy of the nation.

I am aware it will be said in behalf of these creatures, that they are become necessary on account of Italian Operas: for this entertainment is now regarded in the Moon, as the quintessence of *bon ton*, and the first element of fashionable dissipation: and there is no possibility of having an Italian Opera performed without the assistance of the Castrati, by reason of their pigs throats, the Italian music abounding in shrill notes, exceedingly acute, and as high as the upper stories of the tower of Babel, which no animal but a pig is able to reach. But I should be glad to know, what need we have of employing foreign pigs, while there is at home such plenty of these animals, and incomparably cheaper; for it is no less wonderful than true, that the pipe of an Italian pig is sometimes rated at the sum of three thousand pounds, though it be only hired for a few months. By making use of our common pigs, we might gain the advantage of trying them before hand, to know whether they could squeak or not, instead of buying them in a poke, as Italian pigs are commonly bought, which often reduces the purchaser to curse his bargain; as happened last season to the managers of one of the Royal Theatres, who gave about two

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thousand

thousand pounds for Count Rascallucci, taking him for the finest pig in Christendom, wherein they were sadly disappointed; for they found at last, but too late, that Signor Count Rascallucci was a superannuated hog, and could not squeak at all.

I am, besides, not inclined to yield unto their delusive conceit, who hold that pigs can afford the most exquisite harmony, nay that there is no good music without Italian pigs. It is beyond controversy, that in Heaven there is no such thing as pigs; yet the music of the spheres is confessedly the standard of the sweetest melody: whereof we are the better able to judge, as we have had among us the most enchanting Syren*, a true heavenly guest, who often exhibited a sincere specimen of the celestial musical happiness. 'Tis true we have lost this invaluable treasure, being snatched away, by Apollo, as Ganymedes was by Jupiter, but we have still some other Syrens†, who, though inferior to the former, are however the best and sole delight of our ears; and it would be no less ridiculous to set the pigs of Italy on a level with our Syrens, than to compare the fallen chops of the Queen of Quavers, with the smiling

* Mrs. Sheridan.

† The Linleys, Miss Brown and Miss Catley.

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dimples of the Goddess of Cyprus, or to set the hump-back of Goody Crooks in competition with Mount Olympus. I remember having read in the Golden Legend, that the comforts of St. Anthony's life were all centered in a pig, and that he devoted himself to the solitude of a desert, only to have a free enjoyment of the society of that grunting creature: so that it may be said, that he lost the world for the sake of a pig, as Marc Anthony did for Cleopatra; and we are just on the eve of losing all the splendor of the Moon for the same piece of insanity. For my own part, I always deemed the harmony of pigs, or the vocal powers of a Castrato, the most unnatural disgusting ravenous noise; and I have the satisfaction to find, that the matchless Shakespeare has fallen in with my opinion, as will appear from the following quotation:

“ It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 “ Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing
 “ sharps.”

Whereupon your Lordship, and the Gentlemen of the Jury, will certainly be pleased to observe, that in the first line there is an evident error of the press; for according to several old manuscripts deposited in the Museum of the Moon, instead of *the lark*, it should be read *John Mark*, which

is an Italian Name, englished by Shakespeare, that is the name of one *Signor Giovanni Marchi*, an eminent Italian Castrato, who lived in the time of Queen Bess : and there is at this moment, in the Moon, one of his descendants, who keeps a wine-cellar in the Hay-market ; to whom I refer the curious for the authenticity of my anecdote. And were I not afraid of appearing too vain, I would not scruple to tack the shrewdness of my remark to the subtle discovery of two ingenious writers, who have lately found out that Othello was not black, and that Falstaff was as brave as General Gates. To return to our subject, I am certainly not insensible to the charms of harmony, I find myself as truly affected with good music as any individual in the moon ; and I most sincerely declare, that the melodious warblings of the Linleys have often transferred my soul into heaven : but I cannot be brought to admire any other music than that, which flows from nature, and is capable of expressing in a tender heart-moving strain, the pleasing tumults of the soul. This music may justly be defined the echo of the celestial melody, and it is the very same which Shakespeare elegantly called *the food of love*. As for the grating ups and downs of *Signor Cutoffini*, and the hiss-inviting screams of *Rascallini*, they are the bane of my au-

ricular

ricular organs. Commend me rather to the tune of *roast-beef*: it really deserves the preference over all the Italian squalls. Some delicate ladies will perhaps prick this proposition down in their pocket-books as a horrid blasphemy; nay, all the fashionable folks will be sure of calling me an unmannerly brute for praising *roast-beef*; nor will they fail to give it out as an axiom of politeness, and a theorem of good breeding, that every musical air, to be delightful and charming, should be in a foreign language, and set by an Italian vagrant: else no music whatever can tickle the fancy of a person of a refined taste, and must needs prove as disagreeable and shocking to every accomplished lady and elegant gentleman, as the watchman's rattle to the ears of a pickpocket. Yet, *quod scripsi scripsi*, I shall never alter my mind.

But those inhabitants of the moon, that appear so much taken up with the squeaks of Italy, are less actuated by any real taste for music, than by a prodigious hankering after oddities, and things out of the common road of nature, which they hold most dear and precious, — *contra naturam* * *divitias suas exercent, excisorum greges habent.* — There is no country has a better and ampler stock of cows than the Empire of the Moon; yet a few years ago, some
fine

fine ladies and gentlemen in the Metropolis invited over an Italian cow, merely because she was a *Castrata*, though in a different way, for she wanted only the posteriors. This extraordinary accomplishment proved so great a recommendation with the people in the Moon, that they allowed the cow fifty guineas every time that she would have the complaisance of stunning their ears with the loudest bellowing; and to shew their further regard for this strange creature, they raised a large subscription towards the purchase of a pair of diamond buttocks, which the Signora *Castrata* was most graciously presented with by the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Corporation. A terrible looseness of pocket is the most deadly symptom of the Quavering Itch; and the very Jews, and others like them, who have the most tenacious and costive habit of body, are not exempt from it: the reason is, because this infirmity produces a violent giddiness in the head, whereby the patient is rendered incapable of discernment, and is very often apt to mistake a guinea for a farthing; which accounts for the shining figure a parcel of Italian fiddlers, French Dancing-masters, and such other foreign caterpillars, cut in the Moon, rolling their chariots, and aping the pride and insolence of our top Maccaronies. Some of these fellows

scrape

scrape between three and four thousand pounds a year; so that the absurdity of the lunatick people is come to such a pitch, that among them a vagabond is valued more than many officers of state, and put on the same footing with a Lord of the Admiralty. * Valerius Maximus relates, as a matter of great astonishment, that Darius made a present of the isle of Samos to his taylor, for a garment or a cloak. But it will certainly appear much more wonderful, when it shall be recorded in the annals of this Empire, that its foolish inhabitants did cast away the substance and honour of the noblest island, for the sake of a puny Quaver, or a worthless Caper, and for the support of an odious vermin, which are continually eating up the poor of this much abused and distracted nation.

Once the son of a Roman player dissolved a pearl of great value, and drank it off; which is mentioned by the Roman Satyrist as an example of matchless extravagance. But we may venture to affirm, that in this particular, the empire of the Moon is not

* Darius privatae adhuc fortunæ amiculo Sylosontis Samii delectatus, curiosiore contemplatione fecit ut ultro sibi, & quidem a cupido daretur. Cujus muneris quam grata æstimatio animo ejus esset allapsa, regno potitus ostendit: totam namque urbem & insulam Samiorum, Sylosonti fruendam tradidit.

Val. Max. lib. v. 11.

afraid

afraid of being eclipsed by the Romans; for there is among us a certain eminent Italian fiddler, who went perhaps further than the rake of ancient Rome. Having got a considerable sum of money at one of his benefits, he immediately after it assembled several of his fellow-fiddlers, with whom he beat the Garden all night, and at last resorted to the bagnio in Long Acre, where he supplied his abandoned crew with a seraglio of strumpets, and kept it up till his purse became empty. The present cash proved even insufficient to discharge the whole bill; so that Signor Catguttini was obliged to leave a small reckoning behind, for which he suffered himself to be arrested two years after.

This fact I report the more freely, as I am perfectly convinced, that it cannot hurt the man's character; and for a very good reason, which I leave your Lordship and the Jury to guess.

Now these destructive and unaccountable follies are visible effects of the Quavering Itch: a malady whereof no analogy is to be found in all the *Materia Medica*, and I challenge all the Doctors, and numberless Quacks in the Moon, to explain the nature of it in the usual course of moral events. No, my Lord, there is no such thing—it is the evident work of Beelzebub, pursuant to the confederacy hinted

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at in the Indictment: and I think it a circumstance worthy of the Jury's consideration, that the flies we described in the theory of this epidemical distemper are engendered and bred in the rotten wood of the throne of the Queen of Quavers, and were never seen nor heard of but since her accession to the crown. During her predecessors sovereignty, the Quavering Itch was no better known, than the perpetual motion, or the philosopher's stone; the Quavering Monarchy was governed for many years, by a most generous, * praiseworthy man, who ruined himself in promoting the diversions and pleasures of the inhabitants of the Moon, and was then dethroned for his pains, turned out of his dominions by upstart usurpers, and paid off with the most shameful ingratitude. This amiable Prince of Quavers erected several noble buildings †, for the conveniency of the said inhabitants, gave unbounded salaries to his subjects, and left no stone unturned, in order to gratify the wishes, and to fill up the caprices of the lunatick people: but for all this, it was his fate to be always scurvily rewarded, and he never met with the smallest success. On the contrary, the prisoners at the bar continually sway'd the Kingdom of Quavers with an iron scepter, betraying in every action

* Mr. Crawford.

† The new rooms and the most elegant boxes.

the detestable sentiments of rapaciousness, meanness, insolence, and deceit; and yet on those four pillars of iniquity, they have been able to raise the foundation of a golden prosperity; which surprising and extraordinary phenomenon cannot possibly be accounted for, unless we refer it unto a satanical delusion. Your Lordship, and the Gentlemen of the Jury, are therefore desired to observe, that the flies of the Quavering Itch have exactly the same configuration and shape with the brazen fly set up by Virgil upon one of the gates of Naples, for the space of eight years, to keep off the insects that had proved very troublesome to that city; from which striking affinity, we may clearly draw a pregnant proof of the diabolical original of the flies of the Queen of Quavers, and her Associates: since it is an indisputable truth, that the fly of Virgil was an infernal contrivance, the device of a conjurer: and surely no reasonable doubt can be entertained of Virgil's magick; for, besides the brazen fly, he also placed, on the top of a high mountain near Naples, a brazen statue, having in its mouth a trumpet, which, when the north wind blew, sounded so loud, that the floods of fire and smoke issuing out of Mount Vesuvius, were forced back towards the sea, and thus prevented from doing any hurt to the inhabitants:

not

not to mention his miraculous steeple, which, though of stone, moved in the same manner as the bell that was in it. His brazen bridge, by means of which he went whither he pleased, his wall of air, his golden leach, his curious shambles, and his brazen archer : all which magical wonders were accurately set down by Gervase Chancellor, to the Emperor Otho III. in his book, entitled, *Ocia Imperatoris*, and from thence transcribed and published by several *judicious* friars, especially by Helinandus, in his Universal Chronicle, and afterwards by Alexander Weckam, a benedictine Monk, and an Englishman.

But lest it should be objected, that too many idle and fabulous stories have been obtruded on the subject of Necromancy, and that this crime was often fastened on innocent and innoxious individuals, I shall take care to support the charge, against the prisoners at the bar, with nothing but unquestionable facts ; whereby incredulity will be utterly disarmed, and scepticism itself conquered into the belief of our position.

I own it must appear somewhat surprising, that such a blundering *Chap*, as Dick is universally allowed to be, should ever be accounted a Magician and a Necromancer. An imputation, which does rather dignify than sink his character, since it puts him on

a par with Zoroaster, Orpheus, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Democritus, Empedocles, Apollonius, St. Thomas, friar Bacon, Bungey, Robert of Lincoln, and several others renowned philosophers, and eminent divines, who fell under the same predicament. Yet strange as this parallel seems, it is built on the deposition of a vast number of witnesses of the most irrefragable veracity. And it is under their sanction, that I shall acquaint your Lordship, and the Gentlemen of the Jury, with the following particulars:

First, That Dicky Blunderall has actually in his possession a Familiar, or Succuba, which he holds disguised, under the form of a crooked finger. Whether this be the lover of the Nun, who brought Merlin into the world; or whether it be the Nymph of Numa, or something like the Dæmon of Socrates, or the Genius of Cardan, or the Dog of Agrippa, we shall leave to wiser brains to determine. 2. That he has also the real brazen head of friar Bacon, and the liver or heart of a Jew; which, as may be seen in Macbeth, is the attribute of a sorcerer, or at least an implement of witchery. 3. That he is utterly ignorant of the Lord's Prayer; from which particularity, you cannot but remember that in most trials for sorcery, the Jury very judiciously drew the conviction of the party. 4. That he has often practised Lycanthropy, sometimes

times assuming the shape of an ass, and sometimes that of a bull, with a pair of horns of a prodigious length. 5. That he was observed a number of times boiling certain herbs in a large saucepan, which being nicely examined by a diligent Botanist, were discovered to be those wonderful simples, called *Coracesia*, *Callicia*, *Mennais*, *Corinthas*, and *Aproxis*, the magical properties of which Pythagoras learned in Egypt, out of the books of Zoroaster. And over and above all what we have related on this topic, it is further alleged, that Dicky once in a drunken brawl having insulted an Irish Chairman, and the latter happening to express his resentment in the following Hibernian ejaculation: *By Jafus, Dick, I'll drub thee to a jelly*; he no sooner heard that holy interjection, than he vanished away like a melting ghost: which argument is the most efficacious that can be produced, to evince his guiltiness, the utterance of that sacred name having a peculiar faculty of driving away, in an instant, imps, fiends, and whole legions of unclean spirits. The same worthy deponents have also confirmed the Queen of Quavers' impeachment, delivering upon oath, that she was seen many a time surrounded by a frightful crew of devils, and that wherever she goes, she is sure of leaving behind a confounded smell of brimstone; which, however, as they affirm, is not

not so strong and offensive at present as it was about thirty years ago. There are some learned Rabbins, acquainted with the Queen of Quavers, who have given it as their opinion, that she is the actual Witch of Endor; but I could never be led to broach that extraordinary doctrine: the Witch of Endor being considered by the wisest expositors of Holy Writ, as an artful woman, a cozening quean, whereas the Queen of Quavers is as soft as melting butter, and might very easily be *cut for a simple*. The Rabbinical tenet is grounded on the appellation given the Witch of Endor in those scriptural words, כַּלְדָּה, the rightest interpretation whereof is, *Mistress of the Bottle*. But the supposition of the Rabbins is evidently overturned by this very circumstance; for the Queen of Quavers is so far from being *Mistress of the Bottle*, that the bottle may be most justly termed Mistress of the Queen of Quavers, the truth of which she takes care to confirm every afternoon, always appearing at that time as dizzy as a goose, and as tipsy as a witch: and so much for the termagant Queen of Quavers.

With regard to Goody Crooks, the Constables, by whom she was apprehended, being sworn, deposed, that they found in her pocket a great quantity of crooked pins, and two dry sticks, under her petticoat, besides a small pot, containing a cer-
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tain ointment, which, upon a proper analysis, proved the real Witches ointment, made of the fat of children digged out of their graves, of the juices of smal-lage, wolf-bane, and cinquefoil mingled with the meal of fine wheat, according to the prescription of Lord Bacon in the tenth century of his Natural History. In a corner of her room they found four brooms, several frogs toes, *a shift of necessity, and a looking-glass of darkness*, which are all notorious instruments of sorcery, and out of her scrutoire was taken this * book, which it is not possible for us to make any thing of, and seems to contain either downright nonsense, or some matter beyond any human comprehension: for which reason we conjecture it to be some profound necromantick tract, and for instance an *Aprilibro*, at the opening whereof the Devil is obliged to answer and obey the forcerers commandments. To all this I shall add, that the witchcraft of Goody Crooks cannot fall short of proofs, nor admit of any dubiousity, the vengeance of Heaven, which she visibly carries on her back being such a cogent argument of her criminous conscience, as no man in his senses will pretend to oppose. It will be a matter of no little surprize to observe, that her ludicrous figure was prophetically drawn by Otway in the following lines:

* The book produced in court.

“ In

“ *In a close lane,* * as I pursu’d my journey,
 “ I spy’d a wrinkled hag with age grown double;
 “ Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself:
 “ Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall’d and red.
 “ Cold palsie shook her head; her hands seem’d
 “ wither’d,
 “ And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp’d
 “ The tatter’d remnants of an old strip’d hanging.”

I think it is now completely proved, that the prisoners at the bar have actually practised the black art, and are consequently guilty of the charge brought against them. I have perhaps not discharged my province with sufficient eloquence, but I am sure I have not been wanting in impartiality and candour. It is well known that I am inclined to lenity in all my proceedings, but the heinousness of the offence, in the present case, shuts up all the gates of mercy, and challenges the strictest severity of the law. Gentlemen of the Jury, the eyes of men are all fixed upon you. The welfare of the lunatick Empire is totally entrusted to your vigilance, and the fate of this powerful nation will entirely depend on your future decision. Judge according to the principles of your superior knowledge, and let not your wisdom belie the noted wisdom of Cheesemongers. I have observed, that in order to preserve your cheeses, and to save your bacon, whenever you happen to smell a rat in

* N. B. Market-lane is perhaps the closest lane in the Moon.

your

your shops, you set immediately about entrapping, and destroying the odious thing. The prisoners at the bar, and the subjects of the Queen of Quavers in general, are the true rats of society: they believe that the Moon is made of cheese, consequently they come from all quarters to devour it. You have most luckily the ringleaders already in the trap: so you are not to be told how you must deal with 'em.

One Scola offering his evidence for the Crown, Lord Chief Baron spoke to the following purport:

There is no occasion of re-examining the witnesses, except those who are diseased with the Quavering Itch: it is necessary for them to undergo an examination before this Court, their distemper being the most essential part of the prosecution.

Counsel for the Crown.

My Lord, I have subpœn'd two patients labouring with the Quavering Itch, Lord Fiddle Faddle, and Miss Giddy; they are exceedingly disordered in their senses.

COURT.

Call them into Court.

Clerk of the Arraignment.

Lord Fiddle Faddle come into Court.

COURT.

What does your Lordship think of the
E Tomo-

Tomohawk, the scalping knives, and the retrograde motion of General Backgoing?

Lord Fiddle Faddle sworn.

Twing, twong, twang, daddle, doddle, diddle, a cat and a fiddle.

C O U R T.

Consider my Lord, that you are before a high court of judicature, upon an affair of the utmost consequence, and that common decency requires you should at least put on a serious appearance.

Lord Fiddle Faddle.

Egad, I think I look as serious as the wig of Lord Chancellor: and I was just practising a song of the *serious* opera, twing, twong, twang, &c.

C O U R T.

Hang the opera—

Lord Fiddle Faddle.

Execrable fingers this season—extremely so—Signora Dunce never in tune—ten thousand times worse than Signora Uglesina—by G—she is—Signor Wrong call ye—poor creature! no voice, no action, and no figure: as to Signor Scanderbeck the tenor, he has the same dismal tone of voice with the bellman of St. Sepulchre—a bad omen for Dicky!—Signora Buboni horrid!—Signor Crapula *pejor pessimo*—His recitativo and his air cantabile
in

in the last opera, sounded precisely like the dying speech of a rat starved in a hole—

C O U R T.

I asked your Lordship's opinion concerning General Backgoing's retreat.

Lord Fiddle Faddle.

O I have it—I'll turn his last gazette into an Italian Opera—I am sure it will do—— I then shall engage Signor Sack to compose it: Egad he is the best composer in the world for setting nonsense.

C O U R T.

How can your Lordship think of Italian Operas, and such ridiculous trifles, when the whole nation is involved in the most dreadful confusion, and whilst you hear the dying groans of your countrymen and fellow-subjects, cut off by the most unnatural and bloody war? The execrable tyrant, who amused himself with his fiddle, while he was beholding the conflagration of Rome from Mæcnas' tower, did not set a greater example of inhumanity than your Lordship does at present.

Lord Fiddle Faddle.

A propos, I have been told that Nero played on the *Viola di Gamba*—It is a damned fine instrument—I must send for the brother of Cain to give me a few lessons. Faith that German fiddler has all the graces required by Lord Chesterfield:

I always liked that Mr. Nero*: he was a man of taste, and a fine gentleman: no wonder he was so good-natured, considering the violent passion he had for music. Only think how careful he was of his voice: for fear of hurting it, he perpetually abstained from apples, and would sometimes lie all night upon his back, with a plate of lead on his stomach, to the end of strengthening his vocal powers. Egad! I am afraid that the present singers of the Opera, Signor Wrongcallye in particular, eat too many apple-pies, and that they put lead in their heads, instead of placing it on their stomachs.

C O U R T.

Your Lordship should in good justice be committed to the Tower; there you would have an opportunity of fiddling away in the same manner as the Monster, whom you strive to imitate—For shame, my Lord! A noble of the Lunar Empire, should have a better regard for his high station, than to associate with a worthless tribe of fiddlers, eunuchs, and dancing-masters. He should reflect that he cannot make himself their companion, nor even set up for their *Magnus Apollo*, without ex-

* Nec eorum quidquam omittere, quæ generis ejus artifices vel conservandæ vocis causa vel augendæ facitarent, & plumbeam chartam supinus pectore sustinere & clystere vomituque purgari: & abstinere pomis cibisque officientibus. suet, vit: ner: parag. 20.

posing his character. If he has a mind to shew his benevolent disposition and his noble generosity, let him draw the strings of his purse for the relief of his indigent countrymen, the distressed widow, the helpless orphan, the starving labourer, and such worthy objects of charity. This will be much more humane and honourable, than to squander away mountains of gold merely to encourage the wanton extravagance of a loathsome Castrato, who cannot live upon a clear income of three thousand pounds: or to abet the callous profligacy of a paltry fiddler, who has the assurance of running out a capital sum in a Brothel, and who will not scruple to insult one of the first * Dukes in the land, if he should forget to invite him to his table. A person of your Lordship's rank, whom Providence has blessed with affluence, should always endeavour to foster

* About sixteen years ago the late Duke of Devonshire hired Jar-din, and a complete band of musicians, for an entertainment his Grace was then preparing to give to several of the Nobility, at his Country-seat, in his usual splendid manner. Signor Jar—no sooner arrived, than the Duke made him a present of an hundred pounds bank-note, but did not think proper to let him sit down at his table. Signor Cat-gut was therefore led into the buttery by the steward; upon which (after pocketing the Bank-note,) he abruptly quitted the Duke's house, and came to London *insalutato hospite*; and not contented with disappointing the Duke, he sent him an impertinent letter into the bargain.

sterling

sterling genius, and to patronize the industry of such as may be able to promote the interest, and the glory of the nation, or improve the happiness of society: instead of fattening a swarm of foreign locusts, and tuneful vagabonds, whose extraordinary merit lies all within the narrow compass of a few semiquavers. A pen or a sword, would become your Lordship much better than a fiddlestick. Consider, my Lord, that a peer of the Realm, in a free nation, is one of the principal members of the legislature, a pillar of the state, and an element of the constitution: in a country of slaves, where a peer stands for a mere cipher, and the nobility like the guests of Nero sitting on leather bottles puffed up with wind, derive all their consequence from an empty title, the case is quite different: a foreign man of quality, may play the fool without being in danger of degrading his dignity: but in the Moon, a nobleman fiddling appears no less ridiculous than Hercules spinning: let me therefore advise your Lordship, to frequent the house of Lords, rather than the Opera-house.

Lord Fiddle Faddle.

I never opened my mouth in Parliament, but I must now break the ice: I am determined to move for a license to perform Operas on Sundays: and by G—, if

if you say any thing more against my fiddle, I'll have you punished for *scandalum magnatum*.

C O U R T.

We have had enough of his Lordship's evidence, call Miss Giddy into Court.

Clerk of the Arraignment.

Miss Giddy, come into Court.

Miss Giddy sworn.

Lord have mercy upon me!—I cannot stay a single moment—There is that delicious sugary fellow my dear Rascallini, has been arrested seven times within this week, and I must go immediately to give *bail above* for the sweet creature.

C O U R T.

Why, Miss, sure you are not in love with a CAS TRAT O, a withered and sapless tree, as the prophet Isaiah calls him?

Miss Giddy.

Miss Giddy blushes.

C O U R T.

Could you but get a peep at the puppy, when he is in his night cap, and after he has pulled off the bandage which comes six times round his *Falstaffian* belly, you would be far from thinking him an agreeable fellow, I give you my word for it.—

When he appears in public, he is so artfully

fully painted and patched up, that I don't wonder he should seduce the curiosity of raw unexperienced young women; but I assure you, Miss, that the Castrati are not what they seem, they are downright *swindlers* in love; and were you to swallow their deceptions, you would soon repent your imprudence, as the *quondam* wife of Count Rascallucci did. You have certainly heard, that nine taylors can hardly make a man: well, let me tell you, Miss, that nine Castrati are not sufficient to make a *tail-or*. This may appear strange to you; it is however strictly true. I know very well, that the ancient cunning Roman ladies used to make much of this cattle; but you must consider, that they had the precaution of having them castrated, after they had attained the age of five and twenty; when their manhood was in its full growth, as you may be informed by the nice commentators of Juvenal.—With our Castrati, the thing is quite different. If you take Signor Rascallini to a serious task, you will be sure of finding him a blunted sword, an old woman in masquerade, a pistol without balls, a pen without ink, a dog that cannot wag his tail, a pin which cannot prick, a chimney without fire, where no dinner can be cooked, a warming pan with a broken handle, and a house that cannot stand long, because it is built without stones.

Miss

Miss Giddy.

Fy, fy—what does the man mean?—
Upon my honour, I do not understand
you.

Cross Examination.

Court. I apprehend, Miss, that you are
a subscriber to the Opera-house?

Miss. To be sure I am.

Court. What sort of singers have we got
this season?

Miss. Very bad indeed.

Court. And what do you think of the
dancers?

Miss. I think they are a great deal worse.

Court. Yet I find that you never miss
an Opera.

Miss. O I love an Opera more than
pie! and to enjoy it the better, I have
been learning the Italian language these
two years.

Court. I suppose you are quite perfect
in it?

Miss. I can say, *Come state? molto bene.*
How do ye do? Very well.

Court. Is that all?

Miss. I have, besides, got by heart two
favourite Opera-songs, extremely witty.

Court. Be so kind as to repeat them?

Miss. The words are by Signor Affini,
successor to Signor *Metastasio* at Vienna;
and the music by Signor Sack, *Maestro di*
Cappella to the Queen of Quavers, a very

F

eminent

eminent composer, as nimble as a cow in a cage, and as wise as three folks, two fools, and a madman.

The first song runs thus :

Idol mio se più non vivi,

Morirò senza di te.

That is : *My dear, if you die before me, I shall certainly live after you.*

Court. A very just observation ! Let us hear the other song.

Miss. *Quando, poichè ben mio,*

Cara la quale, oh Dio !

The literal translation whereof is : *When, since my darling, my dear, which, good God !*

Court. That Signor Sack must needs be a composer of an exquisite judgment, else he never would have taken the pains of setting to music such ingenious words.

Miss. It is precisely, because he is so sensible, that he refused composing the Vestale, at least, my master tells me so.

Court. Pray, who is your Master ?

Miss. Signor Giuseppino Miccio.

Court. Why, Signor Miccio is a Castrato.

Miss. So they tell me, he teaches me both the language and the music.

Court. On what terms ?

Miss. I give him half a guinea for each lesson.

Court. Half a guinea !

Miss

Miss. I could not offer less to a person of his high rank.

Court. A Castrato and a person of rank!

Miss. He is a lieutenant-general in the Corsican service.

Court. Sure you must be mistaken: why, Signor Miccio is cook to General P——.

Miss. Truly! I had some notion of it; for he has about him a strong smell of Parmesan cheese.

Counsel for the Prisoners.

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,

I always paid a great deference to the shining abilities, and unerring judgment of my learned brother on the side of the prosecution. It is but justice to say, that he handles all his subjects with an amazing dexterity of wit, and the most extensive compass of knowledge; and I confess, that, in many instances, I found my opinion influenced by the cogency of his arguments. But in the case before us, he seems to have lost sight of his usual acuteness: the reasons from which he has inferred the conviction of the prisoners at the bar, appear to me extremely brittle, erroneous and futile, totally unassisted by logick, and attended with many levities of fancy; and I am so confident that I shall be able to blunt the sword of his opposition, and to turn aside the daggers

he has pointed at the prisoners throats, that I would readily engage to secure their lives and reputations for a pinch of snuff.

I do not pretend to call the Prosecutors veracity in question, concerning the Quavering Itch. The examination of Lord Fiddle Faddle, and Miss Giddy, have sufficiently evidenced the matter, and have left no room for starting any reasonable dubiousity: Besides which, the ridiculous and boundless encouragement, commonly bestowed on eunuchs, fiddlers, and dancing-masters, is such a peremptory corroboration of the fact, that whoever does not suspect the evidence of his senses, must needs agree, that the *Quavering Itch* is far from being an imaginary ill. The fatal consequences of this dreadful malady are daily growing upon us. Poor Lunatick Empire!

O how fallen, how changed! —

From what high state of bliss into what woe!

Formerly, and indeed not a great while ago, thou wert universally deemed the nursery of the most valiant Heroes, and the secure mansion of the profoundest Philosophers; the sweets of liberty, and the palms of honour were both spontaneous plants of thy fortunate soil, and thy happy inhabitants had every kind of blessing thrown into their laps: now thy sweet liberty begins to acquire a sour and bitterish taste, and thy laurels look as
faded

faded and withered as the cheeks of thy numberless prostitutes: thy Philosophers and Heroes are quite sunk in sloth and ignorance, and the greatest part of them are cowardly degenerated into a despicable set of harmonious fools constantly trifling their time away in singing, fiddling, and dancing. Alas! they have made good the Poet's assertion:

- “ Enervant animos cytharæ, cantusque lyræque,
 “ Et vox & numeris brachia mota suis.

To resume the thread of our discourse, I give it for granted, that the existence of the Quavering Itch is an indisputable fact, but I do not see the reason why the prosecutor should be unwilling to trace it to a natural cause. The people of Abdera, a known city of Greece, fell all at one time into a kind of fever: at the seventh day, either by a plentiful sweat, or by bleeding at the nose, they got rid of their agues, but were seized with a strange madness for the stage; insomuch that they were continually spouting in the streets the scenes of the tragedy of Andromede. Lucian, who is my voucher for this extraordinary event, accounts for it in the most plain and obvious manner, without wandering beyond the compass of nature. We also read of a country, * where none of the inhabitants could ever put on a serious look, they felt unremitted involuntary con-

• The Tyinthians.

tractions

tractions in the muscles of the face, and were perpetually on the high grin, like some of our fops when they want to shew the artificial whiteness of their teeth. *Vice versa* the time is still recent in the memory of men, when each dignified inhabitant of the Moon looked as grave as a church-yard, and the people, by their dismal appearance, might be mistaken for a nation of undertakers. Their stern and frowning countenance was even more unalterable than that of Crassus; for though he laughed but once in his life, yet could he not refrain from bursting out into repeated fits of jocularitv, at the sight of an ass eating thistles; but the habitual austereness of the lunaticks could never be drawn into a smile, notwithstanding that they frequently met asses and thistles. Now the cause of these melancholies and national infirmities has been investigated, and fairly pointed out by several illustrious authors, without going to hell for it, as our antagonist seems willing to do, in order to discover the source of the Quavering Itch, which, as every one may plainly see, is a trivial disorder, as simple as the Covent-garden ague: Though I am no doctor, yet I will engage to cure it radically, with nothing else but a dose of Hellebore; and with regard to its origin, if I may be allowed an hypothesis, I am inclined to derive it from those seven fiends,

yclep'd

yclep'd Eunuchs or Castrati, who, as has been remarked by the prosecutor, have settled their nests in this metropolis. It is extremely consonant unto reason, and founded in probability, considering the strange propensity of each individual of this country for dancing and fiddling, that those tricking Italian vagabonds have brought among us the poisonous spider of Calabria, called the Tarantula, and *bit* the whole nation. I would therefore advise the gentleman on the other side of the question, to let the Devil alone, for he is utterly unconcerned in the quavering transaction; nay the prosecutor has committed a palpable anachronism, the Devil having been dead a great many years ago, if we may credit the old catch:

Hey, ho! the Devil is dead, &c.

and even supposing him alive, who could be so weak as to imagine, that the subtle Tartarean Monarch would make a league with two insignificant old women, as the Queen of Quavers and Goody Crooks, and take for his partner such a thick-sculled patch as Dicky Blunderall: especially when it is urged, that the devil's intention was to compass the downfall, and total extermination of the Empire of the Moon. This alliance appears to me no less fanciful and ridiculous, than that which is every day planned by our deep politicians, between the

Grând

Grand Monarque and the American Ragamuffins. Even our most virulent foes will never dare deny this assertion, that the ruin of the Lunar Empire, though so much talked of, is yet such a gordian knot, as a million of Alexanders would not be capable of disentangling: and we are not to forget, that the inhabitants of the Moon quarter a lion in their arms, only to hint their ferocious disposition, and unparalleled bravery. Is it then reasonable to suppose, that the devil, who is as cunning as a dead pig, would, in so arduous and quite impossible task, rely on the assistance of a silly coward, like Dicky, who was ten thousand times cudgelled, and kicked about behind the scenes by hairdressers, fiddlers, and footmen? The absurdity is too glaring, and the improbability must needs strike every sound understanding.

From all these obvious reasons, or rather self-evident demonstrations, your Lordship, and the Gentlemen of the Jury, cannot but draw a conclusion favourable to the prisoners at the bar. You must be convinced, that the Quavering Itch is but a natural distemper, and that the prisoners never had any sort of correspondence with old Nick, at least as to what relates to the Kingdom of Quavers; for, with respect to the private dealings of their conscience, I do not make them the subject of my present inquiries:

quiries: I mean only to affirm, that the accusation of Witchcraft and Enchantment brought against them is utterly inconsistent and groundless. Were I to indulge a suspicion of this kind, it should rather fall on the above mentioned Eunuchs and Castrati, forasmuch as they are continually converting *stones into bread*: which prodigy must absolutely be referred to some magical fraud; for without the violation of the laws of nature, it cannot be done; neither can it be a miracle wrought by a celestial power, since we are assured, that our Redeemer scorned to perform it.

But for what regards the prisoners, their charms and incantations are all forgeries and mere Canterbury tales. I shall therefore boldly proceed to lay the axe to the root of the prosecution, by endeavouring to invalidate and confute every argument that has been urged by my worthy brother in the present question.

And first it is ludicrous enough to observe, that Dicky has been extolled to the dignity of philosopher and divine, and ranked among such eminent worthies as Zoroaster, Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Friar Bacon. Although we find Zoroaster's character represented in different lights, yet most agree in bestowing on him the noblest encomiums for his extensive and extraordinary knowledge. He is styled the living spring and Prince of Magicians, and,
 G amidst

amidst several strange things related of him, it is said, that when he was born, his brain had such a vehement motion as forced one's hand back; that is, about that cavity which is perceivable in all children where the sagittal suture meets with the coronal: now I am pretty sure, that no such thing was ever said of Dicky; for it is a popular opinion, that he never had any brains at all. Nor is it less absurd to lift him up to the eminence of Orpheus, who was a philosopher, a poet, and a musician, unless the prosecutor means to ground his fantastick conception on the animals Orpheus used to draw after him; or on his journey to hell: for it is probable, that Dick often drew animals after him, viz. Animalcules, or small insects, and for ought I know, he may also have drawn some cows in the Park: and it is equally clear, that he must soon take a trip to the infernal shades. In this particular, however, there is a manifest disparity; for Orpheus went to hell, but he came back, whereas Dicky will be sure of being kept there, and hugged and caressed by Mammon, in return for the peculiar devotion with which he reverences him in this world. Again, because Dick has been caught boiling some herbs in a saucepan, the prosecutor will have him to be as great as Pythagoras, on the bare affirmation of a silly Botanist, who takes it into his head that

that those simples boiled by Dicky, were the magical herbs called *Coracea*, &c. with which Pythagoras used to perform wonders. But surely the prosecutor ought to be ashamed of himself, for thus pinning his faith on the sleeve of a quack : and how will he stare, when he shall be informed by Dick's Apothecary, that those pretended magical herbs were nothing more than scurvy-grass and marshmallow, wherewith the prisoner frequently makes a decoction for the cure of a certain disorder, which shall be nameless.

He is then likened unto friar Bacon, and accused of having his brazen head, which undoubtedly is a mistaken notion : for Dick has not the whole head of bronze, but only the face, and far from belonging to friar Bacon, it is a striking *original*. That he has the liver and heart of a Jew, is a received opinion, which admits of no contradiction ; but yet I will not assent unto the prosecutor's inference, notwithstanding the authority of the witches in Macbeth. His ignorance of the Lord's Prayer is also brought in as an evidence of his sorcery, whereas it should only be taken for an instance of his breeding, and of his Christian disposition. The crooked finger is next produced, and *poetically* transformed by the prosecutor into a Succuba, like the Nymph *Ægeria* : a conceit no less preposterous and chimerical than that in

the Alcoran, where the terrestrial globe is said to be poised upon the horns of a bull. Lord Bacon * has not unwisely observed, that the bending of the fingers is a shrewd indication of rapacity; and therefore if the crooked finger of Dick means any thing, it must be a distinguishing mark set on him providentially by nature, and by no means a trick of necromancy: and we need only remember crook-fingered Jack in the Beggar's Opera, who, though in the same ugly situation, yet never was suspected to be a charmer or consulter with familiar spirits. That Dick be skilled in Lycanthropy, and that he may have often practised it, sometimes appearing like an ass, and sometimes like a bull, I readily concede, but only as allegorically true in the same manner that Baronius expounded the story of St. George killing the dragon, as a symbolical conceit; and I am positive, that even the bull's feathers, which Dick wears openly in his cap, must not be taken in a literal sense, but are to be considered as a tropical expression. Lastly, we are acquainted with the precipitate flight of Dicky, in a certain quarrel between him and an Irish chairman, which sudden evasion is tortured by the prosecutor into a proof of diabolical magick: imputing Dick's running away to a holy interjection,

* Vide Bac. Hist. Nat.

whilst

whilst nothing can be more natural, than to impute it to the appearance of some cudgel, wherein the prudence of Dick is much to be commended; for it would have been an unpardonable temerity in him to withstand the *weighty* arguments of the chairman: and now with the ponderous reasons we have set forth in favour of Dicky, I think he may easily lick himself whole, and appear again as pure and immaculate as the pigeon of Mahomet.

To pass on to the Queen of Quavers, I am obliged to confess that the vast number of devils, who are so often seen in her retinue seem quite a geometrical demonstration of her diabolical intercourses: but I shall soon shew that for want of an explanation a wrong construction is put upon the matter: your Lordship, and the Gentlemen of the Jury are then to take notice, that the devils of the Queen of Quavers, are not those of Pandæmonium, but mere Printer's devils, belonging to a certain newspaper, whom she employs occasionally to prop the sinking interest of her Monarchy, and to lay a varnish over her rotten abilities. Nor is her ill favour of brimstone such a plausible presumption of magical criminality, as the prosecutor would persuade us. For it is not very difficult to comprehend that it may proceed from a cause widely different from magick. As to the Rabbins' taking the Queen of Quavers

Quavers for the Witch of Endor, I shall not insist on the absurdity of the tenet, since the prosecutor himself has thought proper to explode it. The sly insinuation he has drawn against the prisoner, from the two Hebrew words he has quoted, might as well be neglected: from her ebriosity he argues her sorcery, and builds the whole strength of his paltry conclusion on the slender foundation of the vulgar proverb: *as drunk as a Witch*. I confess, I heard many a time, that the Queen of Quavers is often a little top-heavy, and very apt to throw all her substance down *Gutter-lane*: yet even upon this article, I have an evidence ready to out-weigh, or at least to balance the credit of the report. After all I am pretty positive, that the character of Witch, Sorceress, Hag, or Enchantress, cannot be saddled on the Queen of Quavers upon any reasonable ground: and it is in vain, that the wanton breath of malice struggles to blow up her reputation. The sole etymology of the word *Witch* may suffice to evince the Queen of Quavers' purity. For *Witch* is derived from wit: and it is as clear as day-light, that the Queen of Quavers was born at *Little Wittham*, and is rather too much on the silly. In short, the prosecutor's objections must needs fall entirely to the ground, and he may call the Queen

of

of Quavers what he pleases, but he cannot lawfully call her a Witch. I know extremely well that her enemies (though my learned brother has forgot this peculiarity) endeavour to draw a proof of her infernal character, and diabolical connections from the rudeness and asperity of her countenance: for it cannot be denied, that she looks very often as fierce as the *Gorgonian terror*: but it should be considered that this only happens when she is in *state*, and is a kind of gravity, mightily becoming a Royal Personage: For although her kingdom be founded upon nothing, but quavers and semiquavers, yet she thinks herself never the worse for it, and a real Queen: and it should further be noted, that her peevishness and morosity is a deep political stroke, as it serves to curb the forward assurance of Dick, and to make him keep his distance; by which means she engrosses the royal prerogative, and bears an absolute sway on the throne, while poor Dicky is forced to sneak in a little corner, and keep himself snug staring at the grandeur of his deary.

It is now time to come down to the vindication of Goody Crooks: upon which I find that the task is a little more puzzling than I was aware of, on the first blush of the thing: the prosecutor having heaped a long catalogue of aggravating circumstances,

ctumstances, against this poor old woman,
 and stuck upon her such *crooked* proceed-
 ings, and black doings, that her conscience
 looks exactly like the chimney of Lucifer's
 kitchen : but for all this, I do not despair
 to bring her off, and even to wash her cha-
 racter cleaner than her smock. With re-
 spect to the conjectural criminations drawn
 from her wrinkles, from the scalded rheum
 of her galled eyes, and the rising in her
 back, they are but a web of frivolous so-
 phistry, which does not deserve any serious
 refutation. The most material and knotty
 point of the argument lies in those imple-
 ments of perdition, which are now before
 this court : that they are genuine instru-
 ments of witchery is an unquestionable
 truth, as all the witches trials bear evi-
 dence : yet we shall endeavour to jump
 out of this plunge, by imitating the pru-
 dence of our divines, who when they find
 themselves posed and out-witted by a
 scriptural passage, make shift to come off
 by some metaphorical turn : which is an
 art, or rather an artifice borrowed from
 the Rabbins' *Cabala*. And sure a liberty
 allowed in divinity, ought *a fortiori* to be
 granted in law, especially in the Moon,
 where the people of our trade have all
 strictly adopted the theological tenets of
 the late Jesuits, sticking in particular to
 that *golden* maxim delivered by the Rev.
 Father

Father Tamburini, that nothing is unlawful or illicit, provided it be the means of bringing grist to our mill, of which doctrine, although unmentioned by my Lord Cook, yet there are precedents more than enough. Thus, as we have already done touching the Lycanthropy of Dick, we shall utterly reject the literal acception, and tropically conceive the pretended Magical toys and trinkets of Goody Crooks, interpreting for instance *the shift of necessity* for one of her ragged smocks, *the looking-glass of darkness* for her spectacles, *the dry-sticks* for her own legs, and *the frogs-toes* for some French dancer; which latter interpretation the nicest Critic will not object to, when he is told that Goody's little heart is actually in a flutter, for the sake of one *Monfieur de la Cabriole*. But still our antagonist starts up, and presses us very hard upon the article of the *brooms*. What business, (quoth he) could Goody Crooks have with four brooms? There lies the rub indeed: the devil is evidently in those brooms: let us, however, strive to clap a sticking-plaster on this painful sore, by observing, that the prisoner has very likely been used to sweep the apartment of the Queen of Quavers. This is not a chimerical idea, but a supposition, which must needs appear founded on the firmest basis of Philosophical

sophical probability, when it shall be considered, that Goody is only Maid of Honour to the Queen of Quavers, and withal so extremely attached to her royal Mistress, that she is continually *bending down* for the service of her gracious Sovereign. As to the *crooked pins* found in the prisoner's pocket, it is a charge so evidently inconsistent, that it is not worth mentioning: and I would pass it by in silence, were it not that it offers me an opportunity of making the Jury remark, that several articles of the prosecution bear the stamp of palpable calumny: for, we need only turn our eyes on Goody's back and mountain-shoulders, to be convinced, that it is impossible to fasten her handkerchief behind, without distorting the pins.

But of the prosecutor's animosity there is never an end. A certain ointment being casually found on the toilet of Goody's dressing-room, he immediately lays it down as a gospel-truth, that it must absolutely be the witches' ointment, as delivered by Lord Bacon. Upon which, however, providence has shewn a peculiar kindness to the prisoner, sending her an evidence of incredible weight, the most eminent Quack in this metropolis: I mean the famous Signor Joseph Bear-hate-ye, secretary in partibus to a certain Academy. This great man is ready to swear any thing—in behalf
of

of Goody, and will assure the world, that he himself administered the ointment to the prisoner upon a special contingency, and that there are no ingredients whatever of sorcery in it. And I cannot help rejoicing to see so strenuous a champion as the noted Signor Bear-hate-ye enter the field in defence of this unfortunate old woman. I am sure that the prosecutor will find him an over-match, and have a wretched time on it: and both your Lordship and the Jury cannot but concur in the same opinion with mine: for the *striking* abilities of Signor Bear-hate-ye are well known to this Court, and it is a matter of public notoriety, that he has such a *sharp* and *pointed* way of arguing, as never fails to *knock down* his adversary, and to *cut him to pieces*.

The book taken out of the prisoners' * scrutore comes next to be considered. In this discovery, my worthy brother seems to think he has a great cause for exultation. But I am afraid it will not gain him an inch of ground. He boldly ventures to advance that this book is either an *Aprilibro*, or an abstruse production of Magick. I shall explain the meaning of the former purely for the sake of the Jury: for I will not presume to offer any sort of

* The book laying upon the bench before the Jury.

H 2

explanation

explanation to your Lordship's profound erudition. An *Aprilibro* then is a conjuring book made of virgin parchment, and contains nothing but enigmatical characters, and strange whimsical figures, whereof sorcerers make use, in order to invoke the power of hell, and to raise ghosts, evil spirits, and the devil. Let now the Jury examine the book before us: nay, let the prosecutor himself look at the frontispiece. —I already perceive, that the colour flies from his cheeks, and the tints of shame and confusion overspread his countenance. No man in fact did ever appear more ludicrous in this solemn place. Why, my Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, the tremendous *Aprilibro*, the subtle magical disquisition, happens to be nothing more than an Italian Opera, as the elegant title-page will plainly convince you:

*Opera da rappresentarsi
Sopra il Teatro di, &c.*

An Opera to be represented UPON THE * THEATRE, &c.

The prosecutor's blunder is so egregious, and so comical withal, that it would even force the muscles of Heraclitus into a horse-laugh. To extenuate his fault, he might perhaps reply, that the obscurity

* This curious bull may be seen in all the Italian Operas, printed in the late Signor Bottarelli's time, who was thirty years poet in the Hay-market.

and darkness of the Opera-book betrayed him into the mistake; for it is observable, that magical tracts and dissertations are all wrapt up in an impenetrable fog, as well as Italian Operas: and therefore Signor Metastasio's and Signor Goldoni's productions, deserve to be admired no less than Reucelin's *de verbo mirifico*, St. Thomas' *de Scientia scientiarum*, and all the mystical works of Geber, Artephius, Thebit, Paracelsus, Raymondus Lullus, Albertus Magnus, Peter d'Apono, *cum multis aliis*: not to mention the book of the Sibyls, and the perished leaves of Solomon, so deeply regretted by Sir Thomas Brown, who protested that if he could but recover them, he would patiently behold the ashes of the Vatican. Yet even taking the matter in this light, the prosecutor was still wrong in pronouncing the book on the bench* utterly unintelligible: for this is so far from being the truth, that I have myself attempted the translation of a capital air thereof. I own, that I was as much perplexed and bewildered in the task, as if I had been about cutting the Isthmus of Corinth: yet I defy any supercilious critic to prove, that I have not done the strictest justice to the original. The version is literally as follows:

* Pointing at it,

Tiùu,

Tiù, tiù, tiù, tiù, tiù,
Zpè tti zquà;
Quorròr pipè
Tio, tio, tio, tin.
Qutio, qutio, qutio, qutio;
Zqò, zquò, zquò, zquò,
Zi zi zi zi zi zi zi zi,
Quorròr tti zquà pipiqui.

The exalted notions, and truly elevated conceits of this song, are but a slight specimen of the ingenuity of its author: for I am now speaking of the incomparable Signor Abate Pietro Met-als-t-als-be-ooo, the phenix of the age, and the most wonderful wonder of all wonders. His stupendous abilities are most deservedly hymned by all the Rascallinis and fiddlers in Europe; and it is worth remarking, that this mighty Hero of Parnassus is in some measure even more invulnerable than Achilles: for among the Cutoffinis and Cat-guts, it is deemed unlawful to level the arrows of criticism at any part of his works, and if any Aristarchus should presume to take him to task, he would not escape being clapped in the inquisition, and roasted alive, like that miscreant who pretended to censure the speech of Balaam's ass. I have, however, observed, that the zealous admirers of our great poet do always forget to produce the grounds of their admi-

admiration, excepting a certain musical Doctor, who, in his learned travels, has thought proper to inform the public, that he had the extraordinary good luck of staring at Signor Met-als-t-als-he-ooo at Vienna; whereupon he takes occasion to assure us, that this most sublime author has the nose precisely in the middle of the face, and that he never speaks but his mouth opens: to which astonishing piece of intelligence he has tacked several other observations equally shrewd and important on the same person's writings and character.

Yet his account, however ingenious and interesting, does not seem to afford a full satisfaction. I shall therefore endeavour to supply the deficiency, by pointing out several peculiar graces and master-strokes, as they are to be met with in the surprising productions of the matchless Met-als-t-als-heooo.—And first, we shall take notice, that the precepts of Aristotle he utterly neglected, like the unbounded genius of Shakspeare, and only adhered to some rules of his own, which no other poet ever dreamt of. All his Dramas being divided in three acts, he has happily imagined an unity for each of them: the unity in the first act most commonly consists, *nella Tortorella*, in the turtle-dove; in the second, it is fixed *nella navicella*, in the boat; and in the third, *nei ceppi*, in the chains.—

These

These unities he has always so strictly observed, that his Operas seem to exhibit the regular and dull uniformity of the towns in Holland, where, after you have seen one of 'em, you need not go any further to gratify your curiosity.

And for fear I should be called a plagiarist, like a certain Irish playmonger *, I publicly declare, that the remarks on Met-ass-t-ass-heooo's unities, I owe to the late Lord Chesterfield. Let us proceed to review the perfections of our eminent operatical writer. Shakespeare is universally elevated above all other dramatic writers, because as Pope justly observes, *he drew his art immediately from the fountains of nature*: but in this respect, I think Signor Met-ass-t-ass-heooo deserves the preference; for he is infinitely more *natural* than Shakespeare: in his Operas there is not the least artifice; the incidents and the plots are all as plain as the Dutch Gazette, and the conduct of his pieces is as *simple* as himself. It has been said of Æschylus, that he rose rather in sound than in sense: the same remark may be applied with greater justice to the famous Metass-t-ass-heooo. You may find in other poets fancy and judgment, taste and variety, joined to a curious felicity of diction; but in point of

* Mr. Murphy.

softness,

softness, the whole musical tribe will tell you, that nothing can come up to Signor Met-aff-t-aff-heooo : and for this reason, they are perpetually shouting Met-aff-t-aff-heooo for ever, with the same noble enthusiasm with which, a few years ago, the mob in the Moon used to brawl out Wilkes and Liberty.—For the sake of your Lordship's recreation, I shall touch upon some of the *soft* things of our illustrious Imperial Laureate, as they occur to my memory. It is customary with him to send a King or a Queen, to ask a serious question in a merry song, and then he turns 'em out of doors, without giving them time to wait for an answer. In one of his most elaborate pieces * he makes a love-sick girl fall into a swoon at the sight of the object of her flame. When she is in that dangerous situation, instead of burning something under her nose, or fetching an essence-bottle, or a few drops, her brainless gallant amuses himself to sing an *allegro* to his friend, and expresses his passion in the following sensible manner :

Se cerca, se dice, &c.

If she ever enquires after me, (that is, when her fits shall be over) tell her, I am dead—But stay, don't tell her so : for 'twill vex

* L'Olimpiade.

I

the

the poor thing, and probably throw her into fits again—so tell her only, that I am gone; (a very necessary piece of intelligence) and to shew her my heroic valour tell her, that I cry like a fool, and as loud as the brave Thersites, when he got a drubbing by Ulysses: *piangendo partì*.—After this, he breaks out into an *epiphonema*, wherewith he laments the cruelty of his fate.—'Tis very hard, says he, to be obliged to quit a sweet girl, and when she is not well.

*Che abisso di pene!
Lasciare il suo bene,
Lasciarlo così.*

And away he goes.

There is an air in *Didone abbandonata*, from which we may receive a very useful instruction in natural history: for there we are told, that lions, in their native country, are always on good terms with lambskins, and only wage war against tigers:

*Leon ch'errando vada
Per la natia contrada,
Se un agnellin rimira
Non si commove all' ira, &c.*

In another place, a hero triumphs in having cheated a poor woman, and out of politeness he tells it to her face, adding withal,

withal, the subsequent moral and witty reflection :

*E' la fede degli amanti
Come l'araba fenice,
Che vi sia ciascun lo dice,
Dove sia nessun lo sa.*

That is : *The faith of lovers is like the Arabian phenix, which is every where talked of, but no one can tell where it is to be found.* All the Rascallinis have got this passage by heart ; they look upon it as one of the finest poetical beauties, and worship the sublimity of the thought, like the pope's bull, in *cæna Domini* : and in truth it is a bull ; for under Signor Met-ast-ast-heooo's favour, he seems to have forgot, in the fourth line, what he said in the second, wherein he placed the phenix in Arabia ; which indeed is a conceit of great antiquity, harboured by historians, as well as poets. Again, in one of his *beautiful similes*, he acquaints his reader, that a horse broke loose from the stable, and ran away, while the stable was locked up :

*Destrier che all' armi usato
Fuggì dal chiuso albergo, &c.*

And here I cannot but admire the brilliancy and vast extent of imagination, Signor Metastasio usually discovers in the invention and management of his similes.

According to Aristotle's principles, the metaphorical expressions of an author, and chiefly of a poet, are in some measure the test of his abilities, and as it were, a mirror, wherein the *vivida pars animi*, the strength of one's genius, is faithfully reflected; from which it follows, that to be able to form a judgment of the talents of a writer, that is, of the vivacity of his fancy, and of the solidity of his perceptions, we need but examine the similitudes with which he is used to adorn his sentiments; for a metaphor is but a contracted simile. In this point, Homer and Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, Tasso and Pope, have so well exerted themselves, that they have soared far above the rest of the votaries of the sacred nine.

The zealous adherents of Signor Metastasio will perhaps be angry with me, for not ranking him with the mentioned poets: but though, for this time, I must beg leave to dissent from their opinion, yet I will own, that Metastasio is a very rare simile-maker. He has compared fifty times the Emperor of Germany to the Sun, and the Empress to Juno, Pallas, and Venus; and has likewise, by way of comparison, called several of his Heroes dogs, lions, tigers, and horses; wherein his scholarship and profound erudition cannot be sufficiently admired: since all these com-

parisons

parisons are confessedly imitated from the ancients. Imitators are very apt to sink into a mean servility; but Signor Metastasio, to avoid that inconvenience, has hit upon a very pretty expedient. Whenever he borrows a passage out of another author, he takes care to cloud it over with some low ideas of his own, and with false language, and thus renders it invisible like Venus, when she appeared to Æneas. Of this strange mode of imitation, there are a great many instances scattered in all his productions; but as to enumerate them all would be an endless task, I shall content myself with producing only two examples. The last song I have quoted will furnish me with the first:

*Destrier che all' armi usato
Fuggì dal CHIUSO albergo
Scorre la selva il prato,
Agita 'l crin sul tergo,
E fa co' suoi nitriti
Le valli risuonar.*

This air is copied from the following stanza of Tasso:

*Come destrier che dalle regie stalle
Ove all' uso dell' arme si riserba
Fugge, e libero alfin per largo calle,
Corre all' usato pasco, al fiume, all' erba
Scherzan sul collo i crini e sulle spalle,
Si scuote la cervice alta e superba,*

Suonano

*Suonano i piè' nel corso, e par che aurampì
Di sonori nitriti empando i campi.*

Wherein we must remark, that the great Metastasio, with a few alterations, has been able to mangle the thought, and to spoil the versification and the grammar: for instance, instead of *Scherzando sul collo i crini*, he says, *agita il crin*, &c. which, in that place, is nothing but a clumsy and unmeaning expression. The second example I shall draw from that song in Artaxerxes, beginning

Vò solcando un mar crudele, &c.

which is transcribed from that sonnet of Petrarque:

Passa la nave mia colma d'obblio, &c.

and how far Metastasio has improved the idea, let them determine who are capable of feeling the beauties of the original. In short, the works of the present Imperial Laureate are crowded with plagiarisms; and it is worth observing, that he has seldom committed his depredations on classical ground: his literary spoils are most generally the property of poor Frenchmen, and of Italians, as *Martini*, *Furvio*, *Testi*, *Moniglia*, *Maffei*, *Gabriello Cbiabrera*, *Filicaja*, and even *Ariosto*. Hitherto we have only seen some poetical embellish-
ments

ments of the illustrious Metastasio, the colouring and the mere drapery of his pieces; it is necessary to get an insight into his drawings, and to survey the plan and disposition of his Dramas. I shall therefore close this article with an impartial account of *la Didone abbandonata*—the *forlorn Dido*: which I choose in preference of others, because it is reckoned the most correct of Signor Metastasio's productions, and commonly styled by his favourers, *un Capo d'Opera, a master-piece*.

The subject of this Opera is taken from the famous Episode of Æneas and Dido in the Æneid, which, considering the principal scope of Virgil in writing his poem, is a very happy invention: yet several pseudo-critics have censured him on this account with the utmost asperity. St. Austin damns him for his pains, and calls that beautiful *speaking picture* of the restless passion of Dido, a most false and infamous libel against her memory: urging the authority of the historians, who all agree, in attesting the inviolable attachment of this Queen to her deceased husband Sicheus. Pedants have also been very clamorous about the anachronism in making Æneas and Dido *contemporaries*; whereas the latter fled to Africa some centuries after the destruction of Troy. With regard to St. Augustine's objection, it will be proper to observe, that this holy father being a great believer,

believer, pinned his faith on some lines of the fourth book of the Anthology *, translated by Ausonius, where Dido herself assures us, that she was a very modest woman, and that she did not die for love, but merely to get rid of the lustful importunities of Jarba, a black prince : but if Queen Dido can produce no better proof of her continence, than her having rejected the addresses of Mungo, we can give her no more credit for it, than we can to fair Susannah, for having withstood the temptation of two old fools. Scaliger had no great opinion of the understanding of that garrulous African Bishop ; and for my part I must confess, that I can neither trust the veracity, nor much admire the judgment of an author, who, while he is denying the Antipodes, affirms, that he himself saw † human creatures with one single eye fixed in the breast, and no head at all. It even seems, that St. Austin was of opi-

* *Illa ego sum Dido vultu quam conspiciis hospes
Assimulata modis, pulchraque mirificis.
Talis eram, sed non Maro quam mihi finxit erat mens,
Vita nec incestis læta cupidinibus.*

*Namque nec Æneas vidit me Trojus unquam,
Nec Libyam advenit classibus iliacis.
Sed furias fugiens, atque arma procacis jarbæ,
Servavi fateor morte pudicitiam, &c.*

† *Vidimus multos homines ac mulieres capita non habentes, sed oculos grossos fixos in pectore : cætera membra æqualia nobis habentes.*

Aug. Serm. ad Herem.

nion,

nion, that Virgil was a Christian else why should he doom a pagan to hell for aspersing the character of a woman? The heathen religion, pursuant to the principles of the Catholick church, is a sufficient ground for eternal perdition. But that St. Austin supposed Virgil to be a Christian, we may evidently infer from the xxist chapter of the city of God, where he quotes the following line of Virgil, as a maxim of the gospel,

Quique sui memores, alios fecere merendo.

And a little after, in the same chapter, puts an imaginary construction on some lines of the fourth eclogue, pretending thence to conclude, that Virgil had a true knowledge of our Saviour.

As to the anachronism objected to Virgil, I cannot but wonder at the simplicity of those, who have pointed it out as a fault. The best poets never scrupled to transpose, and to alter historical facts. Euripides altered the story of Helen, Pindarus that of Medea, in imitation of which Dante, in relating the tragical end of Count Ugolino, did not adhere to the history of Villani: and the *licentia poetica* is much more unbounded, when facts are variously related by classical historians, as is precisely the case concerning the foundation of Carthage; for Appian found in

some ancient records, it was built fifty years before the fall of Troy. Eusebius says, that many were of opinion, Carthage was founded 143 years before Rome; but Justinus reduces them to 72, and Vellejus Paterculus to 65.

Metastasio therefore cannot be blamed for grounding his *Didone* upon an anachronism. But let us examine the fable of this piece, and we shall have a most conspicuous instance of its author's amazing ingenuity.

While Æneas and Dido are enjoying the felicity of their mutual love, the Trojan Hero happens to see the ghost of his father in a dream—He is frightened out of his wits, and suddenly determines to abandon the woman of his heart in the most ungrateful manner for the sake of a dream. In the mean time comes Jarba, a black prince, disguised under the name of Arbaces, and assumes the character of his own Ambassador. The object of his embassy is to solicit the nuptials of Dido for himself. Upon his being refused, the Black grows so insolent, that the Queen commits him to Newgate, where he is shackled with double irons, and capitally convicted before his trial. Mungo is now in a great scrape, and not thinking it proper to remain any longer incog. he sends word to the Queen, that he is King Jarba,

Jarba, *in propria persona*. But lo! the discovery avails him nothing: her punnick Majesty is obstinate, and expressly declares, that *she is not obliged to know that Arbaces is King*—He announced himself to me (continues she) *as an Ambassador: I may therefore lawfully put him to death*.—To be sure Dido never read Puffendorf, nor Wicquefort, and could not know, that an Ambassador and his Prince are to be considered as the same individual. She trusts the execution of her orders to *Lord Osmida*, her Secretary of State, who proves a traitor, and, instead of hanging King Jarba, joins in his interest, and with an unparalleled sagacity, being consummately in love with the Queen, conspires against her life, in hopes to marry her.

In the very first scene, *Aeneas* makes a full enumeration of the reasons that urge him to his departure; but delays it, we don't know why, except it be for the sake of finishing the Opera. At last he grows jealous of the Black, whom Dido always detested. When the lover has got a full measure of jealousy, then he sets out, and leaves his mistress for ever. Mungo, finding his rival out of the way, renews his offers of marriage to the Queen, who now rejects him with more disdain than before; upon which the disappointed Black gives full scope to his revenge. He has brought

from his own country four or five negroes, a tiger and a lion, as presents for the Queen.—With this power he declares war against all the Carthaginians, sets fire to the Capital, and crushes the whole Empire in the twinkling of an eye. Thus the poor Queen, overwhelmed with grief, is burnt alive, and dies for love. In her dying words she utters a blasphemy, which the *bonest* and *pious* Osmda cannot hear without shuddering; so he leaves her to her fate, and while all is wrapt up in flames, he says, that it freezes. *Gelo a tanta, &c.*

This, however, is the most ingenious operatical production of the incomparable *Signor Abate Metastasio*. I must not omit, that the character of Jarba is partly borrowed from an Italian serio-comic Opera, called *Didone*, printed at Venice, in the year 1666, and partly from *l'Ambigu comique de Montfleury*. There is besides, an old Italian Tragedy, called *Didone*, written by *Messer Lodovico Dolce*. It is remarkable, that when this tragedy was represented, the actress, who played the part of Dido, used to leap into the flames with her right foot quite naked, to adhere to the ancient mysterious opinion expressed by Virgil——

*Ipsa mola manibusque piis altaria juxta
Unum exuta pedem, vinclis in veste recincta
Testatur moritura Deos, & conscia fati
Sidera, &c.*

From

From what has been said, I hope every one will be fully convinced of the supreme excellence of the great Italian Bayes, the immortal Metastasio. But ere I quit this head, I must admonish a certain Doctor Mus not to be too rash and preposterous in his panegyrics: let him acquire at least a small tincture of Italian literature, before he attempts to puff the works of any Italian author. Fullsome elogies founded on the bare *ipse dixit* of an insignificant travel-monger are mightily ridiculous. If he has a mind to kneel down before the golden calf, he may do it in private, without exposing his poetical atheism in publick. I know, that some other scribblers, as *Joseph Bear-bate-ye*, &c. have joined him in the absurdity of his encomiums, calling Signor Metastasio the Italian *Shakespeare*; but all the competent judges of this matter will ever startle at such a blasphemy: the frigid, creeping conceits of that Italian Operatical trifler being nothing else but the impotent flutter of an unfledged goose; while the vigorous sallies of the English bard are the towering flights of an eagle.

I have perhaps wandered too far from the main subject: but your Lordship must pass me this digression; for it helps to illustrate my intention, and to advance the chief design of the present debate. It is
however

however high time to hasten to a conclusion : we shall therefore direct our researches to the last part of the charge. The extraordinary success of the prisoners at the bar, in their operational undertaking, is peremptorily imputed to a necromantick device. Without trifling my time away, in confuting the manifest incongruity of this accusation, I shall only set down a few remarks, from which it will evidently appear, that the improvement of the prisoners' fortune, and the prosperity of their finances are entirely owing to their superior industry, and to the prudence of their economical plan. It is therefore proper to take notice, that they have increased the number of the boxes, and crammed the subscribers in, like anchovies in a barrel, whereby they have considerably swelled the revenue of the Quavering Kingdom. In former Reigns, Administration was rather too mild and remiss ; the nobles were then indulged in their ease, and humoured in all their whims, to the utter prejudice of the Crown. But the sagacious Queen of Quavers, following the dictates of Machiavel, has abolished all the charters and privileges of her subjects, and boldly infringed the established liberties of the nobility, and the better to keep them under restraint, she has confined some of 'em in the garrets * ; she has besides,

* The upper-boxes.

passed an act of toleration for Jews and Infidels of all sorts, in virtue whereof they are admitted into the House of Lords, and allowed a seat by the very Princes * of the Blood : which measure shews the depth of the Queen of Quavers' policy; for it is a kind of tacit impost, like a state-lottery, helping to fill the royal coffers in a sly manner. In all those Christian Monarchies, where Israelites are tolerated, Princes take an opportunity of fleecing them to the quick, being abetted in their extortions by the superstition of the people, who think it a meritorious act. The Queen of Quavers is not ignorant of this political contrivance, and knows how to extort money from the people of Israel, full as well as King John himself, who, as history reports, hearing an opulent Jew plead poverty, ordered his teeth to be pulled out one by one, 'till he should own his real wealth. The Infidel, after having seven teeth drawn, being no longer able to undergo that excruciating operation, laid open the whole state of his affairs, and revealed where his treasure lay ; whereupon the King compelled him to redeem the remainder of his teeth, at the price of 10,000 marks of silver. Your Lordship, and the Gentlemen of the Jury, will not be displeased to

* The box of Mr. Abraham, the Jew, is not very far from that of the Duke of Gloucester.

see an instance of our Queen's dexterity in this matter. A certain Mr. Abraham, of Lombard-street, in the City, at the beginning of the season, presented a petition to her Quavering Majesty, wherein throwing himself at her royal feet, he humbly supplicated, that she would grant him a box. The request was graciously complied with, but on condition that the petitioner should pay eighty guineas a year for a dismal cell, from which it is quite impossible to hear or see any thing, and that he should be obliged to call it an Opera-box into the bargain ; although it has all the appearance of one of the condemned holes in Newgate. There is no state-trick, no ministerial stratagem, no shift, no evasion, but what the Queen of Quavers is acquainted with. She is perfectly skilled in all the arts of government, and is for ever meditating some new scheme, tending to the extent of her authority, and to the increase of her affluence. It is now whispered about, that she intends to place a piss-pot in every box, for which each Lady will be obliged to pay a guinea ; and the produce of this ingenious tax is to serve for her pin-money. But in point of taxes, impositions, and extorsive measures, Dicky Blunderall must not be deprived of his due : for he is no less keen than his Royal Mate. The state-room, erected by King
Crawford

Crawford for the better commodiousness of the Nobility, Dick has thought proper to convert into a spunging-house, making each subscriber pay one guinea for the mere liberty of walking up and down in it, in the same manner that Signor Jar and I not long ago, being in Mr. Armstrong's custody, in Carey-street, were obliged to pay two shillings a day for the sole use of the parlour. It was customary with former managers to give something to the orange girls, at the end of the season, out of mere charity; but crook-fingered Dick has altered the story, and does every year hook a guinea out of the pocket of each of those poor women. His parsimonious niggardly disposition is the real witchery, whereby he has been able to fill his purse, and to upstart from his former abjectness. The principal rule of his managerial prudence is to gripe fast all the money he can squeeze from his harmonical puppet-show, and to lay out as little as possible: for this reason, his Operadresses and decorations are all as old as Johannes de Temporibus*, who is said to have lived above three hundred years: and thus the unity of place is strictly observed in every Italian Opera, the scene being always in *Rag-fair*. As to the singers and dancers, they are all reduced to half-pay: and we

* Vide Lord Bacon's.

hear that the Queen of Quavers is lately come to the resolution of enrolling in her service only those who are as cheap as the cross of Count Rascallucci, for which he paid three half-crowns at Avignon. Hence Signor Wrong-call-ye has no more than five hundred pounds: yet concerning this matter, I am in justice obliged to disclose to the world, that her Quavering Majesty's real intention was to engage Rascallini with a double salary. There is a flying report, which ascribes this generosity to the impulse of a tender passion: and it is further asserted, that the Queen of Quavers' desires were obstructed by an uncommon accident, which some have obstinately rejected as fabulous. Late discoveries however have confirmed it, and proved, that very often a story is no less founded in truth for having the air of a romance.

The Queen of Quavers had long manifested a settled inclination for Rascallini, and having once admitted him to a secret conference, while she was playing with his curls, he took occasion to complain, that the precarious and deplorable state of his finances, obliging him to repair into the country, his numerous adversaries, and the subscribers in particular, would avail themselves of his absence, and strive to create a coolness in her Majesty's mind, and to efface those winning and truly amiable sentiments

timents she was honouring him with. This he uttered in the soft tone of a languishing *cantabile*, so that the Queen appeared most deeply affected, and taking a ring off one of her fingers, she desired Rascallini to keep it as a pledge of her immutable attachment, adding, that in whatever disaster his antagonists, or rather his creditors, should involve him, if he sent her that ring, she would instantly, upon the sight of it, recollect the fortunate moments of their mutual dalliance, would espouse his interest as her own, and support him against all the efforts of his insidious competitors. Rascallini was no sooner gone, than the event shewed that his fears were well grounded: for the Subscribers immediately applied to the Queen of Quavers, insisting on her engaging another Castrato in his room; and in order to divert and alienate her fond ideas, from her favourite, they informed her, that Rascallini was at that time courting the good graces of another woman, only because he thought she could give him more money. They represented to her Majesty, that nothing could be more absurd, than to rely on the sincerity of a person of Rascallini's character: that a Castrato is neither susceptible of love nor gratitude, and that Rascallini was really a greater juggler than the famous Bressaw, his corporal frame,

and his soul, if he had any, being both full of tricks and deceptions. These bold remonstrances could not but stagger the Queen of Quavers' resolution, and alarm her tenderness. She dispatched several messengers to Rascallini, with letters full of passionate and moving expostulations: but he was then actually in the arms of a lovely object at Bath, and took no sort of notice of the Queen of Quavers' messages, 'till being extremely pinched in his circumstances, and hearing that he would presently be supplanted by one Wrong-call-ye, he bethought himself of the ring, as his last and quite desperate resource, and desired one Mr. Scoundarelli, a confidant of his, to deliver it to her Majesty. And here it will not be amiss to make a transient reflection on the miserable instability of sub-mortal events, and the deplorable fragility of mankind, an insignificant incident having been sufficient to cause the most cruel and ruinous disappointment: for Mr. Scoundarelli being then very much distressed for a few shillings, thought convenient to pawn the ring, to supply his present necessities; and the Queen of Quavers, who flattered herself that Rascallini would at last appeal to her tenderness, by sending her the precious gift she had favoured him with, never hearing any thing from him, began to reproach the blindness of her

her attachment, and after several delays, and many internal agitations, pushed by jealousy, pride and revenge, she signed the fatal warrant, that is, the engagement of Signor Wrong-call-ye. A short time after, Scoundarelli having a large hole in his breeches, happened to drop the pawn-broker's duplicate behind the scenes, and Dicky, who is always very careful lest any thing should be lost, casually spying the fallen ticket, took it up in his usual sly way, and carried it to his Royal Spouse. The Queen of Quavers could not help smiling at the minute diligence of Dick, and was on the point of casting the duplicate away; but perceiving some letters on it, she ordered her Secretary of State, and Maid of Honour, Goody Crooks, to peruse the contents. Goody being very learned, and exceedingly acute, found out in a trice, that the ring of the Queen of Quavers was in pawn. It is utterly impossible to describe the perplexity and disorder this fatal discovery occasioned in the thoughts of the unfortunate Queen: she sent immediately for the pawn-broker, who confirmed the truth of her apprehensions. Upon which, throwing herself on the floor, she remained silent for a long while, only blurting out now and then several dire imprecations and foul maledictions on all the tribe of the Castrati: for it is to be noted, that the
Queen

Queen of Quavers is no less addicted to swearing than Queen Elizabeth. She refused even food and sustenance, except a few bottles of wine, which she usually gulped after dinner: three days and three nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on her maid of honour's back, which happens just to be shaped like a cushion. She has been ever since in that painful situation, and her physicians, after many deep consultations, have so far mistaken the matter, that they positively affirm the Queen of Quavers to be irrecoverably mad, whereas she is only drunk.

But in regard to the direction of Operas, the prisoners have undoubtedly discovered a great share of sagacity; and to shew it in every step, they have employed for Composer the famous Signor Sack, being the most diligent man in his profession capable of bringing forth an operatical brat, with the expedition of an elephant, who carries her young no longer than two years: and because novelty is the soul of Music, this ingenious and ingenuous Signor Sack always takes care to make people believe, that his old compositions are entirely new, and therefore his last *crazy* Opera he palmed on the public for a fresh production, although set and performed at Rome about eighteen years ago. The connoisseurs complain of the cloying uniformity of his style,

style, remarking that in every one of his airs, whether it be an allegro, or an adagio, we are always told the same melancholy tale. There are countries where this critical remark might make some impression, but in the Moon it is of no consequence, the lunatick people being the most constant folks in the universe: they perpetually stick to roast-beef and plumb-pudding, and never care for variety, except in love. Were it not for this, the celebrated Signor Jar had certainly not been able to establish the reputation of an eminent fiddler upon the ground of a single solo, borrowed from an Irish tune, which he has repeated over and over again, for the space of almost thirty years, without ever changing a note. And since the name of the notorious Jar— occurs to my memory, I shall take the opportunity of observing, that much noise has been made against the Queen of Quavers, because she expelled this man from her Kingdom: whereupon I think it incumbent on me to shew, that the Queen has every justifiable reason on her side. It is then expedient to acquaint the public, that this Signor Jar was perpetually *jarring* in the harmonical mansion, and rebelliously encroaching on the royal prerogative. Actuated by the most unaccountable perverseness of temper, he usually makes a
cruel

cruel sport of brewing dangerous mischiefs and perilous disorders; and it is seriously reported, that he did more than once throw the apple of discord in the Privy-council of the Queen of Quavers. The vaporous illusions of his disturbed imagination have often induced him to mistake his fiddle-stick for a scepter, and to fancy himself another Nero. Therefore whoever pretends to rival him in fiddling, must prepare himself to a violent exit. And because our modern Nero wants the real power of the ancient, to put his bloody purposes in execution, he has imagined the art of depriving people of their bread by some calumnious insinuation, or some malicious stratagem, whereof numberless instances might be produced. So closely he follows the traces of the barbarous Nero, that he lately suffered his Agrippina to die in the street, at Tu—n, and kicked his Poppæa out of the Moon. But above all, the intolerable arrogance of this petty tyrant was totally incompatible with the behaviour suitable to a subject of the Queen of Quavers. A crazy Prince of Greece, as some historians have reported, had the melancholy of thinking himself an urinal, for which reason, as he was walking the streets, he would cry out to the people to step aside, lest they should break him to pieces: the reverse of this story

story may very justly be applied to our scraping Hero, who though no less contemptible than an Urinal, yet fancies himself a Prince, and has the assurance of claiming veneration from his betters. There is besides a peculiar circumstance, which will ever prevent a judicious manager from having any connection with this whimsical chap call'd Jar-din. Whenever he meddles with operas, it is his practice to foist in a certain tune of his own composition, beginning by a capital WHERE-AS *; and notwithstanding that this disagreeable tune has been welcomed with hisses by every honest individual in the Moon, yet he has had the matchless impudence of publishing it several times in the Gazette. I hope it is now as plain as the Sun, that no reasonable objection can be started against the procedure of the Queen of Quavers. Upon the whole, the managerial conduct of the prisoners at the bar, deserves the highest encomiums, and would perhaps reach the top of perfection, were it not for a *faux-pas* of Dicky. His presuming to enlight our most gracious Sovereigns when they go to the opera, has drawn

• A fiddler living at the rate of two thousand a year, running in debt with every honest tradesman, and then to be able to shield his extravagance under a certificate, and to baffle all his creditors demands, is a phenomenon, that can only be seen in the Moon.

M

upon

upon him the bitterest reflections, and made him the scope of public animadversion. Several persons of high rank, and especially the Diplomattick Body, who are extremely well acquainted with Courts *Etiquettes*, have expressed the utmost indignation on the occasion. That a Sheridan, a Colman, and a Harris, should be allowed the honour of that office, is no more than what justice requires: they have to it the best claim in the universe; for the noble task of ILLUMINATING an amiable Monarch, should always be reserved for men of the most exalted genius. But for a Jackanapes, a Scrub, a Droll, piping hot from Bartholomew-Fair, to have the presumption of guiding the steps of the K. of G. B. I cannot but term it a most scandalous impropriety, an open violation of Majesty, and a kind of treasonable impertinence. And in this I do but rehearse the clamours of the most considerate part of the nation. Neither is it possible to offer any sort of defence on this topic, without flying in the face of all reason and justice: I am therefore obliged to agree with the opposers of Dicky, and to confess that whenever he puts on his sword, and takes the candlestick in his hand to light the K—and Q—, he deserves to burn his crooked finger for his impudence, and to have his ears shortened, especially as they are too long. Yet as it is my duty to extenuate
and

and patch up the faults of my clients, I have imagined a remedy, and found a hole, at which I am in great hopes that Dick will be able to creep out. My intention is to petition the Throne, and to entreat the best of Monarchs to confer the knighthood on Dicky, in order to qualify him for his operatical station; and we happily have an excellent precedent on our side: for, as every one knows, King James the First knighted a loin of beef.

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,

I have reached the end of my task: the innocence of the prisoners is clearly demonstrated, and will still be set in a greater light by the evidences that are going to be examined.

The Queen of Quavers will now be able to boast the fairest and most immaculate character in the Moon, and henceforth Dick may boldly shew his face as bare as the breech of a monkey, without any danger at all. With respect to Goody Crooks, the maid of honour, her *uprightness* is sufficiently stated. I am pretty confident the Jury will not hesitate a moment to pronounce an honourable acquittal, and that they will also empower the Queen of Quavers to recover damages suitable to her rank and dignity. They will be pleased to consider, that the juice of the grape is

M 2

exceedingly

exceedingly dear, and therefore the expences of our Queen must run very high; yet being a very reasonable woman, she lays her damages at fifty thousand pounds only: a less sum cannot but fall short of her moderate demands; ten or twenty thousand pounds in the pocket either of Dicky, or of the Queen of Quavers, would be no more than a bean in the guts of a wolf, or a crab in the belly of a cow.

Mr. Scoundarelli sworn.

S. My name is Scoundarelli, alias Roguarelli, alias Impostorelli.

C. Why, you have more names than the Governor of Buenos-ayres.

S. They are all titles of honour, I acquired by my own industry.

C. The termination of your titles is Italian, yet you don't seem a native of Italy; by your looks I should rather take you for a Dutchman.

S. You are very right, I was born two miles from Amsterdam, but my father was a Florentine, and his name was Signor JAGO; my mother a Carthaginian by birth: but the people by mistake, instead of a Punick lady, used to call her Mrs. Punk.

C. Did your father follow any occupation?

S. He was an attorney of Venus, and died but a few years ago in this Metropolis, very much regretted by all his—Creditors.

C. Did you inherit any thing of him?

S. I

S. I only inherited his good character; as to his estate, I could not come to it for two reasons: first, because he had none; secondly, I cannot have a legal title to a succession.

C. Why so?

S. Because, tho' every one calls me a dull fellow, yet—I came not

In the dull road that custom has prescrib'd.

C. You was then begot in a spurious way?

S. Yes, I am a bastard, but never the worse for it.

C. Destitute of fortune, as you are, without any apparent means of subsistence, how can you be able to play the gentleman at large, as you do?

S. Don't you know the Italian proverb:

Con arte e con inganno

Si vive mezzo l'anno,

E con inganno ed arte

Si vive l'altra parte.

With art and cunning I am clear

That I can live for half a year:

With cunning then, and little art

I may go through the other part.

C. But are you not afraid of coming within the statute against vagrants and sturdy beggars?

S. It is a good thing, that this statute is never

never put in force, else the Empire of the Moon would be too hot for us foreign gentlemen, and after all, I cannot be accounted a vagabond, for I am an Author.

C. An Author! Did you ever publish any thing?

S. I published a Dictionary.

C. Any blockhead may write the Dictionary of a language: it is not a production sufficient to give the qualification of author. Dr. Samuel Johnson himself, who wrote the best Lexicon that ever appeared, declares in his preface, that it is mere *drudgery for the blind, the proper toil of artless industry, a task that requires neither the light of learning, nor the activity of genius, but may be successfully performed without any greater quality than that of bearing burthens with dull patience, and beating the track of the alphabet with sluggish resolution*: so that in his opinion, a Dictionary-maker is a downright animal of burden, who has all the accomplishments of an ass. Besides, every body complains that your Vocabulary swarms with enormous blunders, that you have very often mistaken the adverb for the preposition, the gerund for the participle, the verb neuter for the active, and set down a great number of obsolete words, as if they were in use.

S. You must observe that I wrote my Dictionary on a new plan: it is an imitation of Shakespeare's comedy of Errors.

C. This

C. This indeed accounts for your hallucinations : but why did you assume the title of *Artium Magister* : even your best friends cannot but condemn you in this particular : for it is well known, that you was for several years a capuchin Friar at Calais, and that you never saw the threshold of an University in your life ?

S. You have quite mistaken the matter, indeed you have : Why by those letters *A. M.* which I placed in the frontispiece of my Dictionary, I meant no more than *A Monkey*, a little artifice I imagined in order to render my book the more acceptable to the ladies.

C. Now you have made it plain ; sure you cannot be blamed, and it would be extremely cruel to call you an Impostor on this account ; but this is all foreign to our purpose, tell us all that you know concerning the prisoners at the Bar ?

S. If my oaths can do 'em any good, I am here at their service.

C. Is it true, that the Queen of Quavers tipples like Mithrydates, who, as Plutarch attests, was the stoutest drinker in his kingdom, and that her mouth is always full of the Devil's cakes, I mean of hot curses, and foul imprecations.

S. All falsties : I had several times the honour to attend her quavering Majesty at dinner, and excepting two or three bottles of wine, I did not observe that she drank
any

any thing but water; as to her swearing, it is likewise an execrable calumny: I never perceived the least profane or indecent expression fall from her royal lips. On the contrary, she is so very godly, that every now and then she takes occasion to utter some Billingsgate hymn, and Oyfter-woman ejaculation. Scandal has a lying tongue, and it is extremely prudent to lend but an academic faith to her reports: I remember some years ago it was publicly asserted, that one evening the Queen of Quavers being half seas over, had bepissed the green carpet before the audience at C. G. But a few months after I myself attended the urinary doctor upon the spot, on purpose to inquire into the truth of that extraordinary event, and upon my honour we could not discern the smallest drop of the Queen of Quavers royal urine, and the carpet was as dry as could be, which shews both the malice and injustice of the world.

C. I suppose you are also acquainted with Mr. Dicky?

S. Yes, Sir, he is my master.

C. Well, your master, Dicky, is accused before this Court, of being a stupid, stingy, ungenerous, and quite unmannerly fellow, conformably to the character given him by a celebrated poet:

The Clown who not one touch of breeding knows.

Now

Now your testimony is called upon to clear the truth of this matter.

S. As for Dick's generosity, I can say nothing to it; for he is so very *close*, that the least thing never transpired on the subject; but with regard to his manners, I assure you that he is the flower of civility, and the very pink of courtesy: an excellent companion, no less agreeable than a Bum-bailiff, and as polite and complaisant as the Turnkey of a Jail, and they who are so ready to impeach his understanding, are exceedingly wide of the mark; why, if they were to hang him for a fool, they would be sure of finding something else in the halter. Upon my word and *honour*, Mr. Dicky is full as clever and ingenious as my Dictionary.

C. Do you know any thing of the other prisoner Goody Crooks?

S. Oh, I am very intimate with her.

C. Whether her mind is not as crooked as her body?

S. It is not possible for me to determine any thing about her mind; for, who the devil can know the mind of an old woman? But concerning her carcass, I must own that Mrs. Goody has a small protuberance on her shoulders, but barring that, she is as straight as a pin, and as upright and perpendicular as my own conscience.

C. Do you remember that you are upon your oath?

N

S. Most

S. Most certainly I do.

C. I am afraid you don't comprehend all the consequence of that sacred act.

S. I should think I must comprehend it extremely well ; for I lived by oaths and affidavits about two years.

C. What do you mean by living by oaths?

S. You must know that I was in confederacy with a certain Pettifogger, and whenever I wanted to *raise the wind*, I used to take out a writ against some gentleman of my acquaintance.

C. Whether he was in your debt, or not?

S. Sir, I don't choose to satisfy your curiosity on this particular ; I am not obliged to answer interrogatories, for I know the lunatick liberties as well as you do.

C. Mr. Scoundarelli, you seem to make very light of an oath ; why, you should reflect that it is a most solemn and religious affirmation ; and as Cicero observes ; *He that violates his oath, profanes the Divinity of public justice.* Oaths are the principal test of religion ; the most sacred bands of society, and the best securities of a virtuous Government. When a nation begins to make free with them, it is a clear proof that the virtue, and consequently the happiness of the people, are at a very low ebb.

S. Poh ! you make a great pother about nothing : for my part, I swallow an oath like a glass of gin. Why it is but kissing
a book,

a book, and I have had the honour to kiss the Slipper of the Pope of Rome, which, I am sure, is a much more awful ceremony.

Mr. Joseph Bear-hate-ye sworn. Examined by Counsellor Cunning.

C. I think I saw your face before this time?

B. That may be.

C. Was you not once at the Old-Bailey?

B. Pray Mr. *Concealer of the Law*, don't begin to be insolent, crack your saucy jokes with others, they won't do with me.

C. What? What? this is mighty impudence!

B. I am not to be frightened by the scarecrow of your bushy Wig, nor by your black *Domino*, I assure you.

C. Did you ever hear any thing like it? to make a jest of my Wig, to abuse a *Limb* of the Law!

B. I know it is your custom to treat a poor defenceless evidence with the same rudeness as you would a felon; but I warrant, you'll find me too hard for you Mr. *Certiorari*.

C. Is then the Majesty of the black Robe to be thus violated, and are we to be bullied by a lousy Foreigner, a Jew-looking -----

B. You had better hold your tongue, Mr. Writ-of-error; for I have something

in my pocket, that never fails to do quick execution.

C. My Lord, my Lord—this fellow has some unlawful weapon about him, and I insist on his being searched.

[*Signor Bear-hate-ye being searched by two Tipstaves, a knife half a yard in length was found upon him, whereby the Counselor was so much alarmed, that my Lord Chief Baron was obliged to continue the examination.*]

Ld. What can be your meaning in always carrying with you such a deadly instrument of destruction?

B. My Lord, I only make use of it to carve sweetmeats, that's all. In my native country every well bred gentleman wears the same in his breeches, and there is not a fashionable lady among us, but you'll find that very thing under her petticoat.

Ld. What? a knife?

B. Most assuredly.

Ld. Do you presume to come here to *bumbug* this Court, and to make us believe, that you was born among the fabulous Amazons?

B. Your Lordship may be *amazed* as much as you please; but if you do not believe what I say, there are others who did.

Ld. Oh, now I recollect you very well, you are that Bear-hate-ye, who ———

B. Yes,

B. Yes, I am that Bear-hate-ye, but there is an appendage to my name, which your Lordship should not forget.

Ld. What appendage?

B. I am Secretary to a famous Academy, and do insist on being called Esquire, as I sign myself; why, it is all the emolument I can get from my place.

Ld. What! have you no salary, no stipend?

B. Not a single gilder, I could not even obtain the Diploma.

Ld. What can be the reason of that?

B. I'll tell you, my Lord, you must know that I am only Secretary for foreign correspondence, and the devil is, that the letters addressed to our Academy come all by the Penny Post, so that I never had any thing to do, and consequently could not get an opportunity of taking possession of my office.

Ld. Forsooth it looks, as if the Person who gave you that insignificant employment, meant only to laugh at you.

B. The thing in itself is ludicrous enough, but abroad it is looked upon in a quite different light; for I took care to spread all over Italy that I was elected Secretary to the ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, as Mr. D'Alembert in France, and Euler, at Petersburg.

Ld. And have the Italians been so weak as to believe it?

B. I

B. I need not tell your Lordship, that in every country there are fools apt to swallow any thing.

Ld. I am told that you stood very high in the President's favour, but that he begins to hate himself for it.

B. Why, he is still as fond of me as Caligula was of his Horse; he has made my portrait, in order to transmit to posterity my *pleasing countenance*, and has placed it in his Gallery among his best pictures.

Ld. I Remember he was publicly complimented on the occasion in the following lines.

*Let vain Italians boast of Raphael's name,
Reynolds, you'll spread no less the British fame;
Free in his flights, yet master of each rule,
Your pencil is the bee of every School.*
On Tuscan wings you reach'd the bold sublime,
Correggio taught you higher skill to climb,
The melting union of the tints to hit,
The perfect light and shade,—the painter's wit,
Maratti the correctness we admire,
And Rosa to your fancy lent his fire,
From Titian you acquired the graceful ease,
And your own taste improv'd the art to please,
But with Bassano's † too, your genius suits,
And has a special knack at painting Brutes;
For when Bean-bate-ye's portrait I survey,
You've hit him so, I swear I hear him bray:*

* Alluding to the famous Italian Schools.

† Bassano, an eminent Italian Artist, who had a peculiar talent for painting the Brute Creation.

Critics,

*Critics, however, whisper that a Knight
Ought to appear a little more polite :
They seem to wonder how it comes to pass,
That in your cabinet you keep an Ass ;
'Tis hard, they say, the creature should sit where
Lords, Ladies, Dukes, and Duchesses repair.
But for my part, I think you may reply,
There is as big an Ass * plac'd in the sky ;
I own such object tuck'd up in your room,
Reflects on all the rest an odious gloom ;
But 'tis to me no wonder I declare,
To see Bear-hate-ye hanging any where.*

B. I see that I am called an ass, but sure it must be a mistake : Why an ass is a meek, submissive, and very good-natured creature : whereas it is well known that I am quite the reverse. Besides, is it possible that Joseph Bear-hate-ye, Esquire, should be an ass : for my own part, I shall never believe it.

Ld. I am sorry you are so great an unbeliever, but let us not divert our attention from the main point ; come, tell us what you can give in evidence respecting the prisoners at the bar ?

B. I can only assure your Lordship and the Gentlemen of the Jury, that in the unguent found in Mrs. Goody's dressing-room, there was not the smallest tincture of witchcraft : it is a medicine I myself

* Vide tab : astron :

prepared, on purpose to free the prisoner from a swelling on her back.

Ld. Why, her swelling is an evident natural hump: Don't you see it plain, that Goody is as crooked as *Crawley Brook*? How can you presume to remove the deformity of an old gibbous body?

B. My Lord, you are to consider that I am an epidemick Doctor, and can cure any thing. I'll engage to eradicate the most inveterate disorder in the quickest way, especially the venereal distemper. If your Lordship, or any Gentleman of the Jury, should happen to be *frenchified*, I am ready to give a specimen of my abilities, and no cure no money.

Ld. I have seen a great number of impudent Quacks in this Metropolis, but I protest that you bear the bell among them all.

B. Under your Lordship's favour, I am not a Quack, but a worthy Disciple of *Paras-hell-sus*.

Ld. I always took you for a teacher of Languages; how came you to be a Physician?

B. I have been long in the profession; if you read the sessions papers, in the year 1773, you'll find that I cured a Lady* of the rheumatism; which circumstance was

* Mrs. G——k.

instanced

instanced by my friends as an unanswerable argument of my singular *humanity*.

Ld. Faith, I think you have given a sufficient proof of your *humanity*, in that chapter of your travels, where you strive to apologize for the massacre of Paris, lavishing the most unbounded elogies on that bloody and treacherous measure — But I should be glad to know where you acquired your pretended physical knowledge? Was you bred at any University?

B. I hardly know what an University is, my father being but a poor bricklayer, could not afford me a liberal education: I was bound apprentice to a petty tradesman, called John Sanguinetti, in a small village by Milan: yet I had such an inborn propensity for empiricism, and such a natural disposition for anatomy in particular, that I made the greatest proficiency by the sole direction of my genius.

Ld. Did you ever try your anatomical skill?

B. Yes I did, but upon living bodies of men, after the manner of ancient dissectors, and to the great astonishment of the lunatick nation, I found out the peritoneum *in the dark*.

Ld. I never suspected you to be so clever.

B. Why, my Lord, I am the wonder of this age; I have wrote books in several languages, and discoursed upon every science:

O

ence:

ence : I possess the assurance of Gorgias Leontinus, the art of Raymondus Lullus, or Nullus, the impertinence of Jack Crito the Scotch impostor, and the impudence of Clavem *, the famous Italian Mountebank. I am a Poet, a Divine, a Philosopher, an Historian, a Romancer, and a Fortune-teller. My head is a real *in-sickly-pay-day*, and I am a true *paltry glutton*.

Ld. You mean a polyglot.

B. Yes, my Lord, a polyglot.

Ld. I suppose then you are a perfect master of Greek ?

B. To be plain with your Lordship, I don't know a single word of it ; but I endeavour to make people believe that I do, which is enough to serve my turn. Faith, my utter ignorance of that language led me once into a terrible mistake.

Ld. What sort of mistake ?

B. I took the hypotenuse † for a disorder in the hip, that's all.

Ld. But an author by profession should at least be a good Latinist—Pray what's the Latin for a Goose ?

B. Why a Goose—upon my honour, I don't remember it in Latin—tho' I know a Goose as well as myself.—After all, your Lordship will be pleased to observe, that Greek and Latin are both exploded, and

* Vide de ciarlataneria eruditorum.

† Vide frustra letteraria.

quite useless languages: and therefore, as I said, in one of my books *, it is not worth while to apply to them.

Ld. Which are then the languages that you possess?

B. If I may be allowed a witty allusion, like the serpent compared by Tasso to the hand of Rinaldo, I have three tongues in my mouth, Italian, French, and the *British* language in particular.

Ld. Did you not write lately something in French?

B. Yes, my Lord, I did—I published a Pamphlet against Mr. De Voltaire, for which I received the united compliments of the French Academy, with the following epigram, so very full of French flattery, that my modesty was exceedingly hurt, and forsooth, the very great esteem in which I am held by the French nation, cannot but call up the marks of shame in my maiden cheeks.

*A Monsieur Joseph Bear-bate-ye,
Monsieur,
De Paris au Perou, du Japon jusqu' à Bloi,
Le plus sot animal à nre avis c'est toi.*

L'Academie Française.

Ld. A very handsome compliment indeed! yet no more than you deserve. As to the Italian language, I dare say, you are very great in it.

* Ibid.

O 2

B. You

B. You need but ask Mr. G——k on this subject, and he'll tell you, that in Italy * he was assured, that my works were the best standard of the language of that country.

Ld. Is it possible?

B. I am certain of it; for it was myself who told him so.

Ld. *Apropos*: Did not Mr. G——k prove, in many instances, your most generous Benefactor? Did he not mend your *dirty* situation a number of times? and was it not entirely owing to his influence, and efficacious patronage, that you had once the good luck of slipping your neck out of the collar?

B. Well, what then?

Ld. Well, I cannot but wonder to see that, after so many signal favours received at his hands, you have attacked him in his profession.

B. Pray how can your Lordship make that out?

Ld. Have you not declared, in your account of Italy, that the first time you saw Mr. G——k act, you conceived but a mean opinion of his theatrical abilities?

B. So I did, but I gave my reason for it in the very same place: I said, that then I thought but little of Mr. G——k's performance, because I did not understand the language in which he delivered himself.

Ld. I am afraid, my dear 'Squire Bear-hate-ye,

hate-ye, that this assertion will absolutely lead you into an unlucky dilemma: for, pursuant to what you have advanced, you must either suppose that all the merit of a player lies within the compass of his delivery, or that Mr. G——k had no other accomplishment but that. In the first case we cannot but laugh at your folly, in the second no one will scruple to give you the lie. You must be informed, that, as * Valerius Maximus reports, the question being put to Demosthenes, *what was the most essential part of an orator?* He replied, *ἡ ὑπόκρισις*, that is, *action*; and then being asked, *what next?* he answered the same, and still repeated it for the third time: *iterum deinde & tertio interpellatus idem dixit.* The answer of Demosthenes was ratified by Cicero, who used to call the gesticulation of a pleader, *the wit of his fingers*; and Quintilian, for the same reason, advises the Orator to be careful, lest his hands should appear *indoctæ, & rusticæ*, and strictly recommends the observance of the *Chironomia—lex gestus.* But what is here said of orators, holds infinitely stronger in stage-performers, their gestures and motions requiring much more artifice and variety, and the personal graces being quite the first element of their profession, which is certainly not the case with orators. The

* Valer. Max. de pronun. externa, lib. viii. c. 10.

speech of an Actor is so far from being his sole, or at least his most substantial requisite, (as you have erroneously imagined) that the business of ancient players was to represent affections and manners, and a whole action without uttering a single word; and we are told by Macrobius, that Cicero was wont to contend with Roscius, who should plainest and soonest express the same sentence: the former in set language, and the other by mere gesticulation. From which it evidently follows, that the skill of a player cannot but shine forth in the eyes of a sensible spectator, independently of declamation, and consequently your acknowledged ignorance of the language, in which the incomparable British Roscius expressed himself, is but a preposterous plea for the absurdity of your proposition.

B. Your Lordship's reasoning is too close, and too scholastick. Faith, I don't like it at all. For my own part, as I always write like a *Johnntleman*, so whatever principle I please to lay down, I think my word is quite sufficient for it, without giving myself the trouble of looking out for the proofs.

Ld. It is then for this reason, that when you called Voltaire * an impostor, Swift † a filthy scribbler, Pope an author full of puerilities and idle conceits, Hume a bad

* Account of Italy. † Vide la frusta, letter p. 10-13-63-67-75. Dialog. p. 60, ib. ib. ib.

historian,

historian, Milton an indifferent poet, Cardinal Bembo, Bonfadio, Menzini, Father Buonafede, Frugoni, &c. &c. &c. a parcel of blockheads, you left the reader to guess the ground of your heterodox notions, thinking perhaps to have a claim to infallibility, as well as the Pope.

B. *Every man in his humour*—My usual way is to advance things at random; yet I am not unacquainted with the art of arguing: why, I can wrangle upon any topic whatsoever, and I know what a *Silly-gism* is as much as Aristotle did.—My logic, however, is of a complexion absolutely different from that in use among philosophers: I neither choose to follow the Eleatic, nor the Academic rules; my corollaries are entirely new, and exceedingly curious.

Ld. And for example, you have advanced, that Voltaire knew not English enough to construe a page of simple prose, *because* he did not succeed in a translation of Shakespear's Hamlet—that Mr. Sheridan, sen. Dissertation on Elocution, had no merit at all, *because* he embellished his book with similes—that Dr. Kenrick is no man of genius, *because* you once saw him, at Chelsea, *with a pot of beer in his hand*—that the Monthly Reviewers do not understand French, *because* they are Scotchmen—that Dr. Sharp was not equal to the task of writing an account of Italy, *because* he
was

was a Surgeon—that Father Vieira, a famous Portuguese preacher, was a fool for comparing the Deity to a circle, *because* the sublimity of the thought does not strike your noddle, although it is obvious to all those, who have the smallest tincture of literature: for father Vieira did but repeat the famous definition of Plato, who said, that the Sovereign Being might be considered as a circle, the centre of which is every where, and the circumference without limit.

B. My Lord, you bear too hard upon me, indeed you do.—As I have been disarmed, you mean perhaps to take advantage of my situation. But I may still be even with your Lordship, I promise you, for my pen is as sharp as my knife.

Ld. I know that you have a peculiar talent for scandal and defamation.

B. I always made Aretine the pattern of my life.

Ld. But though you may surpass him in impudence, I am afraid that you fall infinitely short of his wit.

B. I see that you never read my libels.

Ld. I read more than twenty *libelli famosi*, said to be written by you.

B. That's a downright falsity; for I wrote only fifteen—I remember them all—one against the K. of P. in defence of the Jesuits,

Jesuits, another against the Republic of Venice; another against the Piedmontese Nobility, wherein I heaped on them ten thousand scurrilous and opprobrious epithets, another against his Excellency *Il Cavalier Morosini*; another against Father Buonafede; another against Signor Pucci, while he resided in London, invested with the dignity of Envoy from the Grand Duke of Tuscany; another against the laws of Great Britain*; another against Voltaire, two against Badini, another against Count Firmian, of Milan; another against the late Duke of Bedford; another against Dr. De Dominiceti†, and two against one Signor Bartoli, a Royal Professor at the University of Turin. As the libels I wrote against Signor Bartoli happen to be in rhyme, I shall take here an opportunity of giving your Lordship a taste of my poetical abilities; and lest any body should suspect the fidelity of the translation, the original will be subjoined.

* Affè inglesi miei che fareste meglio a non grachiar tanto delle vostre ridicole leggi, &c.

Bear-hate-ye's Lettere, published at Milan.

† This amiable Gentleman, whose truly generous and benevolent disposition commands the highest respect from all those that have the happiness of his acquaintance, could not escape the scurrilities of Mr. Bear-hate-ye. The Doctor's fate was indeed a little hard in this particular, for he was libelled but a few days after he had opened his purse for the relief of his libeller.

P. S. The original of this Son-

*Sonnet 1. of Signor Joseph Bear-hate-ye
against Signor Bartoli.*

*Thou art a man of learning? thou art a
Tuscan? thou knowest how to make verses?
thou verses knowest how to make? joh! I
wish that a book might tear to pieces thy flesh,
thy sinews, thy bones, and all that belongs to
thee. I believe thou wert born in a puddle, either
in the East or the West Indies, and that thou
didst take thy degrees in Paraguay; for thy style
favourites a good deal of the Molucca-islands, and
stinks a little of Madagastear. Thy lines cause
lions to laugh, would smooth the gibbousness of
a camel, and give a flux to an elephant. Would
to God that Mr. Morgan* could rise from the
dead, and knock thee on the head with his
clapper, Nominative the great beast, of the
great beast. Go and read those little birds of
thy verses to hawks, eagles, vultures and ra-
vens, but don't read them to us, for we won't
have such poetry. Ah, go to hell, go-to.*

*Sonnet 2. of Signor Joseph Bear-hate-ye, on
the same subject.*

*For God-sake, leave off scribbling either
rhyme or prose, for the sweet sisters of Helicon
never would befriend thee. When I read thy
scrawls, I cry out, ah me! who did ever hear
such things? Nature has play'd the devil with*

* This passage is not altogether very clear; some
scholiasts refer the name of Morgan, to an ancient
Giant-killer, but others affirm, that the author meant
one Morgan, an Englishman.

thy brains, and thy head too, what the devil
 art thou about? poor Mr. Apollo, poor little
 Muses, behold one, who comes to make you
 ashamed, have him biffed and booted: whip
 him on the shoulders, and on the back; flay
 him, then take his skin off, and afterwards
 drown him in the river Hippocrene: or break
 his fingers one by one with pincers, that he
 may write no other battles*.

The Original of Signor Joseph Bear-hate-ye's poetry.

SONETTO I.

'Tu letterato sei? tu sei Toscano?

Tu sai far versi? tu versi far sai?

Deh, che un grassio ti grassi a brano a brano

La carne, i nervi, l'ossa, e quanto hai.

Io credo tu sia nato in un pantano

Dell' Indie, e addottorato al Paraguai,

Che lo tuo stile ha del Molucco assai,

E puzza un po' del Madagascarano.

I tuoi versi fan ridere i Lioni,

E spianerebbon la gobba al camello,

E moverian il flusso al lionfame.

Così risuscitasse pur Morgan-te,

Che ti desse il battaglia sul cervello

Nominativo Bestionus Bestioni.

Và, leggili ai falconi,

All' aquile, agli astori, agli avvoltoi

Quegli uccellini di que' versi tuoi,

Ma non leggili a noi,

Che non vogliam di questa poesia,

Ab vā in malora, vā via, vā via.

* Bartoli had wrote a poem, called La Battaglia
 dell' Affietta.

SONETTO II.

Deb per amor del Ciel, deb cessa omai
 Di più scarabocchiar e versi e prose,
 Che le sorelle di Pindo vezzose
 Per loro amico non ti valler mai.
 Quand' i' leggo tue scritte, io grido abi !
 Dove s'udiron mai sì fatte cose !
 Che diavol di cervello mai ti pase
 Natura in testa ! che diavolo fai ?
 Povero Apollo, Muse poverelle,
 Ecco quì un che a svergognar vi viene,
 Fategli suonar dietro le padelle.
 Frustatel sulle spalle, sulle schiene,
 Scorticatel, cavategli la pelle,
 Affogatel nel fiume d'Ippocrene,
 O rompetegli bene
 Le dita a un, a un con le tanaglie,
 Ondè scriver non possa altre battaglie.

Ld. Did you ever publish this fine poetry?

B. To be sure ; you may find it in a collection of poems I published at Turin, under the following title : *Le Rime PIACEVOLI di Giuseppe Bear-hate-ye*, that is to say, Joseph Bear-hate-ye's *pleasing* rhymes, though I must own, that my alluring epithet had no effect ; for they *displeased* every body, and I was even called a fool for my pains, which was the chief motive that induced me to take a trip into the Moon.

Ld. In the catalogue of your libels, you have omitted the greatest of 'em : I mean the libel you wrote against Shakespeare.

B. Look

B. Look how people are given to calumny! Why, I never wrote any thing in my life against Shakespeare: very far from it, I always praised him, and a few months ago, I published a French pamphlet in his defence, against Mr. De Voltaire.

Ld. It is that very pamphlet, and the encomiums issued from your pen, which are universally deemed the severest libel that could ever be imagined against the fame of the English Bard. No sooner did your book appear, than poor Shakespeare lost his credit all over the Continent, and the scurrilous censure passed on him by Mr. De Voltaire, in the *Œuvres posthumes de Guillaume Vadé*, became an irrefragable tenet among all foreigners: forsooth it is entirely owing to your pamphlet, that the gentleman who undertook the translation of Shakespeare's works into French, was abruptly deserted by all his subscribers, and forced to drop his laudable plan.

B. They may say what they will, they cannot hurt my reputation: I am too well known in the literary world. My works, my Lord, my works speak for themselves.

Ld. It is positively upon the evidence of your works, that you have been cast, and branded with the stamp of dullness: you have wrote a Dictionary, a Grammar, and an Italian Library, in all which you have committed so many blunders, that it is not possible

possible to enumerate them, except by means of some algebraical calculation.

B. I know that, but how could I help it? Why, I copied both my Dictionary and Grammar from Altieri, and as to my Italian Library, I transcribed it quite verbatim from Fontanini: so I took their faults upon trust, and had the misfortune to steal bad money, an accident that may happen to any body; but look into my travels, I warrant they'll stand the test of critical investigation.

Ld. Your travels! pish! they are the filiest stuff that was ever imposed upon the publick. In one chapter you very gravely acquaint us, that you rode an ass in Portugal; in another, that having met at an inn one *Battista*, a friend of your's, who had a pretty wife, you wanted to cuckold your old acquaintance; in another, that Bochara, the country of Avicen, is a town of Arabia, whereas it lies in Tartary: again, that you very narrowly escaped being stoned to death by the Portuguese, because, forsooth, they took you for Zoilus: & sic de cæteris.

B. Yet, silly as my book is, it sold very well, and I touched a very handsome sum for it.—

Ld. But you forget that it was the ruin of your Bookseller.

B. A fig

B. A fig for my Bookseller, what do I care for him?

Ld. O fie, Mr. Bear-hate-ye! Is this a just return for the generous assistance you received from Mr. Thomas D——s in all your difficulties? All the world knows that you took advantage of the honest frankness of his heart, and of his too benevolent disposition; and therefore you ought never to mention his name but with the highest respect, unless you mean to convince the publick, that your ingratitude is equal to your ignorance and presumption.

B. Softly, softly, my Lord, you may charge me with ingratitude, if you please, but I shall never suffer your Lordship to call me an Ignoramus—why, if you do not approve of my travels, nor of my Dictionary, there is my *Frustra Letteraria*, the Literary Scourge: a work which shews the depth of my literary abilities; what say you to that?

Ld. I have heard the whole story of your *Literary Scourge*, and I wish, for your own sake, I had never heard it.

B. Why? sure that book does me a good deal of honour.

Ld. I am informed, that the Literary Scourge was a satirical journal, written by you at Venice, wherein you had the impertinence to set up for an universal critic, and that to shew your liberal disposition, as well

well as the delicacy of your humour, you assumed in it the name of one *Seannabue*, a notorious Neapolitan butcher, who in his latter days followed the trade of Jack Ketch : and I am further assured, that while you pretended to bespatter the reputation of the most exalted characters in the Republic of Letters, you exposed your own insufficiency in every branch of learning : insomuch that the illustrious Father Buonafede, in his book, called, *Il bue Pedagogo, the Duncce Pedant*, which he wrote in reply to your gross and snappish aspersions, proved to the satisfaction of all Italy, that you was not able to write ten lines of good Italian, and humorously pointed out an incredible number of gigantick blunders, with which your *Frusia* is ornamented : for example, he ridiculed you for mistaking the barometer for the thermometer.

B. Poh ! I made that mistake only three times in the same book, that's all.

Ld. He also took you up for reckoning eight zones instead of five, for affirming that Cicero had five brothers, because of his epistles *ad Quintum Fratrem*, and for many other hallucinations of the same stamp, which it would be endless to detail. And I hope, that you will not have the front to deny, that as soon as *il Bue Pedagogo* made its appearance in publick, the learned and amiable *Cavalier Morosini*, who
was

was then an Inquisitor of State, stopt the publication of your *Frustra*, and kicked you out of Italy.

B. You are too rigid, my Lord, you have no mercy, no sort of compassion. Your Lordship should consider, that we are all liable to mistakes, our head cannot always go right, it is but lined with flimsy stuff, and, as Martial wittily observed, it is sometimes as soft as *cream-cheese*.

Sæpe solæcismum mentula nostra facit.

Ld. Mr. Joseph Bear-hate-ye, if you call to your mind the petulant, ferocious and disingenuous manner, in which you treated your betters in all your productions, I am sure that you cannot expect any mercy at the hands of a candid judge. I think I have shewn you much more indulgence, than you really deserve. The punishment I have inflicted on you is but a metaphorical caning, *baculo Aristotelico*: which is too slight a correction, and too much honourable for a person of your merit. Instead of the stick of Aristotle, you ought to feel on your shoulders the ponderous bludgeon of an Irish chairman: nay, to do you strict justice, you should be prosecuted as a *Literary Swindler*, for raising reputation upon false pretences.

Mr. Schola sworn.

C. Who are you?

Q

S. I am

S. I am Mr. Pimperlimpimp, *cognomento Schola*, at your service.

C. Why, I think it was you that a little while ago offered to be evidence for the Crown, was it not?

S. I did so, because I am exceedingly complaisant, and I like to oblige every body.

C. You say your name is Schola.

S. My name is Jack Pimperlimpimp, *cognomento Schola*—I am a native of Rome, and I get my livelihood by playing *the fool*.

C. There was a notorious Knight of the Post of your name in Cicero's * time, and I suppose that you spring from the same family: but since you are so very obliging, I hope you will oblige me to go to Bridewell.

S. Oh! sure you are not in earnest.

C. Away, away with him.

(Mr. Pimperlimpimp was immediately apprehended by a tipstaff, and conveyed to his destination).

The Lord Chief Baron summed up the Evidence as follows.

Gentlemen of the Jury,

The question before you is exceedingly abstruse, and at the same time the most interesting, that ever was heard in any Court of Judicature. You are summoned to curb and repress the ruinous follies of a mighty

* *Legite testimonia testium vestrorum, dixit C. Cassinius cognomento Schola, &c. Cicero pro Tito Annio Milone.*

nation,

nation, and called upon to determine the fate of the Moon. I doubt not but you have perpended with suitable attention each material incident on both sides, and I suppose you to be perfect masters of the whole debate. Yet, as in every trial it is the custom of the Bench to select and recapitulate the substance of that which has been said, so I shall not omit the duty of my province: and though I am convinced that my observations can add nothing to your superior wisdom, yet they may perhaps throw some light on a doubtful circumstance, or assist your memory in some particular. The prisoners at the bar are indicted for Sorcery, Witchcraft, and Enchantment, in a word for Magick, which is so extraordinary a charge, that I think it necessary to make an inquiry into the nature of the crime, before we bend our thoughts on the criminals. Magick is commonly divided by Divines into lawful and unlawful: by the former, they mean a superlative and quite angelical knowledge received, as it were, by inspiration; by the latter, a kind of crooked wisdom, an art of wickedness and mischief, or rather a power over the laws of nature, communicated to human creatures by the great foe of mankind. The vulgar, however, having no distinct notions of the matter, and being used to confound good and evil, do in

Q 2

general

general apply an odious idea to the word *Magician*, and are apt to believe that it implies a Necromancer, a Charmer, a Con-
 sultor with familiar Spirits, a Wizard, &c. Hence the absurd and numberless aspersions
 cast on the brightest luminaries of the li-
 terary world, and on the chief ornaments
 of human nature, as Homer, Pythagoras,
 Democritus, Socrates, Aristotle, Numa,
 Virgil, and several others. In the ages
 of darkness, whenever the people found
 themselves unable to account for any thing
 that dazzled their imagination, ignorance,
 and superstition, two indivisible sisters led
 them to ascribe the cause of their wonder
 to Lucifer's industry. And were it not that
 in this century, the light of philosophy
 has beamed in its full height over the ho-
 rizon of this nation, the same impertinent
 opinion would certainly obtain among us,
 as in former times: and for instance,
 the excellent author * of the *School for
 Scandal* would assuredly be deemed a won-
 derful Magician, by reason of the incom-
 parable fertility of his genius, and of the
 extraordinary refinement of his wit. The
 same stigma would be fixed on the illustri-
 ous writer † of the *Jealous Wife*, and ele-
 gant Translator of Terence, and I am sure
 that the ingenious editor ‡ of Sir Thomas

* Mr. Sheridan. † Mr. Colman.

‡ Mr. William Woodfall.

Overbury, would be involved in the very same disgrace, on account of his miraculous memory, wherein he can be no less admired than the famous Aristophanes the Grammarian, who, in the presence of Ptolemy Philadelph, the great patron of learning, discovered extempore an amazing number of plagiarisms of different authors. Nor would some of our public Orators be free from that heavy imputation: their striking arguments, and cogent persuasions, would be accounted a diabolical stratagem, and the bewitching floridness of their speeches would be looked upon as an infernal artifice. And in fact, there is in our Senate a select number of noble Speakers, who usually display in their orations such enchanting flowers of elocution, that one would think the vigour of their mental faculties to be guided by a supernatural power. The Athenians counted ten conspicuous Orators during the whole period of their Republick, and there is actually at this time the very same number among us: but were it possible to set both nations in rhetorical opposition, I am positive that Attick Oratory would be forced to yield the palm to modern eloquence—the profound learning of Antiphon would be eclipsed by the universal erudition of Lord Mansfield, the Papinian of the age, and the true oracle of the law—the efficacious strains of Demost-

Demosthenes, by the nervous eloquence of Lord Chatham—the sagacity of Isæus, Demosthenes' preceptor, by the acuteness of Lord Camden—the flowing periods of Andocides, who thereby was said to be the offspring of Mercury, by the mellifluous diction of the Duke of Richmond—the luxuriant energy of Lyfias, by the *flumen Orationis* of Lord Lyttelton—the forcible reasons of Lycurgus, by the pithy arguments of Lord North—the subtilty and the pleasing accent of Hyperides, by the solid ingenuous thoughts, and the graceful delivery of General Conway—the rhetorical ornaments of Dinarchus, by the charms of Lord Abingdon's style—the ingenious turns, and the musical phrases of Isocrates, by the tropical fallies, and the harmonious numbers of Edmund Burke—the skilfulness of Æschines, by the wit of Charles Fox. It is most certain, that if the above illustrious personages had lived in the unpolished age of Friar Bacon, they would have shared his fate; the calumnious breath of the unlearned bigot would have stained the splendor of their fame: their wisdom had been misconstrued, and their eminence traced to the influence of Satan. But in the present times, the Devil has quite lost all his credit, and whereas our ancestors fathered on him almost every thing, the common notion now is, that he can do nothing at all.

all. The belief of the world has fled from one extreme to another, from a supine neglect of inquiry to impudent curiosity, from credulity to scepticism, insomuch that as the Counsel for the prisoners has wantonly instanced, there are pretended philosophers, who have the front to affirm, that Old Nick is dead: nay, there is a certain French Bobadil *, who challenges the honour of having killed him. This, however, must be looked upon as a mere French Gascnade; for it is an unquestionable truth, that the devil is still alive, nay he looks as chearful and rosy as Alderman Dripping-pan. Monsieur Bobadil has very likely happened to crush a fly on the tip of his nose, and has mistaken it for the Devil: *car c'est le diable avec ces mouches*. But sure he ought to be sensible of his mistake, for every body knows that France is overrun with infernal imps †: they are the concomitant genii of the nation, and each French individual is as assiduously attended by one of 'em, as Socrates was by his demon; so that wherever you find a Frenchman, you are sure to meet the Devil, or at least to hear of him. Upon every topick, a well-bred Monsieur has always old Nick in his mouth, except if the discourse should turn on his present Sove-

* Mr. De Voltaire.

† By an imp we are here to understand what the French call *un lutin*, a lively creature, and a wit.

reigns; for then truth and gratitude will oblige any honest Frenchman to speak only of Heaven, and to forget the dismal objects of Hell. In my late fashionable excursion to Paris, being once in a select society of *bons vivants*, curiosity prompted me to inquire after *le Roi, & la Reine*, whereupon *un homme d'Esprit* started up, and uttered the following words:—*La sagesse & la bienfaisance brillent également dans l'ame de Louis XVI. il ne lui manque que deux qualités pour le rendre égal à Jupiter, l'immortalité & des enfans.*—Quant à la Reine, elle est le Soleil de la France: elle est belle, aimable, & bienfaisante comme cet astre: & le telescope de la vertu n'y sait decouvrir aucune tâche.—Jean Jacques Rousseau, who happened to be in our company, encored *l'homme d'Esprit*, and took occasion to whisper to me—*Sir, the elogies you have heard are both founded on simple truth; but in every thing else, you must guard against French flattery.*—I then pushed my inquisitiveness into the Ministry, and the top characters *de la Monarchie Française*, whereby the company immediately found out, that I had the good fortune of being an inhabitant of the Moon, upon which they paid me ten thousand compliments—but at first no one seemed willing to gratify my curious inquiries: in a few minutes, however, they got over their political restraint, and a legion of devils was let

let loose at one clap,—*Mr. de Maurepas—*
said they—est un bon Diable—Louis XV.
le bien aimé, étoit un Diable pour les femmes
Mr. de Sartine c'est un diable d'espagnol :
Dans le tems du feu Roi il fit ce que les je-
suites ne purent jamais faire ; car il parvint
à établir l'inquisition en France : il donnoit
des lettres de cachét comme des constitures, &
avec la même facilité que le Pape donne des indul-
gences.--Le Duc de Choiseul est un diable d'enté-
té, un diable de fou, & il ne vaut pas le Diable.
Le Duc de Guines est un pauvre Diable—Le
Duc de Nivernois a de l'esprit comme un Dia-
ble—Madame de Pompadour, & la Comtesse de
Barry, étoient deux Diablesses—Le Duc d'Ai-
guillon a le Diable au corps, & le Chancelier
a fait le Diable à quatre. This is the sub-
 stance of a late French Conversation, which
 shews very plain that in France, notwith-
 standing the brags of Monsieur Bobadil,
 the Devil is still in being, and respecting
 us inhabitants of the Lunatick Empire,
 sure we have no reason to deny the Devil's
 existence, especially in law, for it is too
 well known, that at the bottom of all our
 proceedings there is always *the Devil to pay.*
 We may now go forward, and take a re-
 view of the proofs laid down by the prose-
 cutor, and I think it will not be amiss pre-
 viously to consider the method, which has
 been made use of in stating the charge.
 The Counsel for the Crown has set out
 R with

with informing this Court that an epidemic, and most serious distemper, called *the Quavering Itch*, raged with the utmost violence among the people in the Moon: the symptoms of this contagious malady he has accurately marked out, and demonstrated its reality by the most striking evidences, that ever appeared upon a Trial; that is, Lord Fiddle Faddle's and Miss Giddy's. Reason is convinced, that the efficient cause of that baneful disaster cannot lie within the bounds of nature, but that it must absolutely be the offspring of an infernal machination: Hence the learned Counsel has argued the conviction of the prisoners in the fairest and most judicious manner. Having amply proved the Queen of Quavers and her Associates to be perfect Adepts in the Black Art, and therefore most capable of perpetrating the crime whereof they stand accused, he has dexterously enforced his purpose with the following plausible Hypothesis: that since the prisoners could commit the crime, it is very likely that they have—*potuerunt, ergo fecerunt*—being spurned on by the allurements of sordid interest, which was always known to be the idol of their hearts, and the Tyrant of their principles. I desire you, Gentlemen of the Jury, to keep in mind the fatal consequences arising from the Quavering Disease, as they have been laid open by the prosecutor. The security

city of this country requires, that they should be provided against in the most effectual manner, and without delay : But at the same time, I must observe, that you are not to be biassed by the acrimonious and illiberal reflections thrown on the whole musical profession, and especially on the Castrati and Foreigners in general. Musick is a most noble science, and quite a necessary diversion to a civilized nation.

The Scythian *, who pretended to find more relish in the neigh of his horse, than in the melodious strains of a fine singer, was but a few removes from a brute ; and surely we are too refined in politeness, ever to adopt the manners of that barbarian. Were we to subscribe to his savage notion, we might as well lay hold of the Tomohawk, and the Scalping Knives, and handle them for the extermination of our brethren. The inclemency and uncertainty of the air, wherewith we are encompassed, according to the remark of an ingenious Author †, run parallel to the inconstancy and roughness of the climate, under which lay the old Cynethians, who, as it is set forth by Polybius, owed their ruin merely to their neglect of musical performances. This is sufficient to evince the necessity of encouraging fiddling in the Moon, it being a sovereign remedy against the spleen, to

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which

* Ismenias.

† Congreve.

which the Lunaticks are no less obnoxious than the Cynethians were : I will not deny that we are rather overstocked with the thing, for I am pretty certain there are at present in this Country, more *Adagios* and *Prestos*, *Pianissimos* and *Fortissimos*, *Allegros* and *Andantes* ; *Consorts*, *Rear-atorios* and *Harmonical Meetings*, *Fiddles* and *Fiddle-sticks*, than small beer and bread and butter. But, notwithstanding all this, it would be highly impolitick to discountenance the professors of harmony, since they are in some measure our best physicians. All what can be done is to reform and decimate the aliens, and certainly we may very easily spare a good pretty number of 'em, especially as there are now many true natives of the Lunar Empire, who have attained the art of fiddling in the highest degree, although I must confess, that they do not yet come up to the skill of Amphion, who could build *without stones*. To turn all foreign Musicians and Fiddlers out of the Moon, as the prosecutor seems to aim at, would be a most unreasonable measure, and altogether impracticable. There are several German, Italian, and French eminent professors of Musick, who by their talents contribute to the happiness of the publick, and by their virtuous conduct are real ornaments to society : Were they excluded from this country, the loss would be only on

our side. Let us once summon national prejudices to the bar of common sense—

An honest Man the noblest work of God,

and therefore no wise nation will ever scruple to naturalize him without fees. I shall mark down the names of all those foreign musicians, who, by their probity as well as by their abilities, deserve to be made Denizens of the Moon.

Singers.

The celebrated Pacchiarotti,—Roncaglia,—Tenducci,—Ansani,—Signora Sestini,—Signora Todi—Signora Danzi,—Signora Rosa Bagliani,—Signor Louattini,—Signor Germogli,—Signor Rossi,—Signor Rovedini, &c. &c.

N. B. The heavy sarcasms given in evidence by Lord Fiddle Faddle, against the truly excellent Signor Roncaglia, and the much admired Signora Danzi, can have no sort of influence over our opinion, since we know very well, that his Lordship being troubled with the Quayering Disease, was entirely out of his senses.

Composers.

Bach, Piccini, Anfosfi, Paisiello, Giordani, and Barthelemon.

Instrumental Performers.

Lolli, Abel, La Motte, Crammer, Pugnani, Vachon,

*chon, Fisher, Mr. le Brun, Noferi, Agus-
sen, and jun. Marella, Salpietro, Storace,
and Corticelli.*

Teachers of Musick.

*Signor Piozzi, Signor Quilici, Signor Riccia-
relli, and Signor Leopoldo Micheli.*

Dancing-masters.

*Signor Gallini, Monsieur Gallet, Monsieur
Jierville, Signor D'Elpini, Mademoiselle
Bacelli, Monsieur and Madame Vallouy,
Signora Tinti,*

As for the noted Signor Jar—, the Pa-
tagonian Castrato, and other Italian Tat-
terdemalions, of their stamp, I can only
wish, that some generous and noble-minded
Monarch, like Philip of Macedonia, would
raise for them a new Poneropolis. And
here Gentlemen of the Jury, I must not
forget to acquaint you, that the abovementioned
Mr. Jar— is the very same person,
who but a few years ago offered to CAS-
TRATE * your Children, seemingly for the
improvement of their pipes, but his real de-
sign was to build his fortune upon the de-
struction of your progeny. He expected
no less than an annual Salary of a thousand
Pounds, for the wages of his humane opera-
tion, though he was not to perform it

* This iniquitous proposal was actually laid on the
Carpet before the Directors, &c. &c. Upon which
see Collier's Musical Travels.

alone,

alone. He would have had nothing else to do but to grasp the *unmusical appendages*, and then it would have been the province of his bosom-friend the ingenious Bear-hateye to cut them off with his usual skill, at one single dash; and had it not been for the wisdom of an old Act of Parliament, which baffled their wicked intention, your poor innocent Babes would by this time find themselves defrauded of the first *character of nature*; would have lost all their *weight*, especially in the County of *Middlesex*, and the barbarous carnage of Herodes had been renewed among us. No, Gentlemen, it is not possible to hit on a more flagitious villany, than the thought of castrating the people in the Moon. Why! to make a Freeholder, who may be a Justice of Peace, and very likely become an Alderman, and perhaps a Lord Mayor, to make him, I say, a *Cast—Rat—O, monstrum ingens horrendum!* My meaning however is not to cast any malicious reflection on the *Signori Castrati*: I am not to know that there are among them several worthy gentlemen, who really deserve the countenance and the respect of the publick, as for example, Signor Pacchiarotti, Signor Roncaglia, Signor Ricciarelli, &c. who, without mentioning the excellence of their talents, may be said to possess the moral goodness of the Eunuch of the Queen of Ethiopia,

Ethiopia, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and of Joseph *the chaste*, who, according to some profound Expositors of holy Writ, was likewise an Eunuch, for which reason he declined cuckolding Mr. Potiphar. The Counsel for the prosecution is certainly censurable, for treating Eunuchs with contempt; he should rather have considered them as objects of pity. Sure nothing can be more contrary to equity, than to make a poor Castrato accountable for the inhumanity of his parents: it is something like our *bonest* practice at Common Law, in a Writ of Error, when the Client is obliged to pay for the blunders of his Lawyer. And since Italian Eunuchs are under our consideration, we must not pass unnoticed the judicious remark of the prosecutor, concerning the impropriety of adopting a foreign language in some of our Musical Entertainments: He thinks it a disgrace to the Nation, and to my apprehension, Reason coincides with his thought. The French, whose language is the most unpoetical in the universe, and who have no more disposition for Musick, than the Dutch for Dancing; always scorned to have Operas performed in any language but their own; a noble pride, which we ought to imitate, instead of only aping their follies. Some crack-brained *Connoisseurs* will perhaps plead for the custom, by endeavouring

deavouring to make us believe, that the tongue of the *Castrati* is softer than our own, and that it runs into Musick with more ease, and a much better grace: In confutation of which ridiculous prejudice, it will suffice to remark, that the language used in Italian Operas, most commonly is a kind of *lingua franca*, that has no manner of affinity with the Musick; and all the Italian Composers, especially when they set Operas in the Moon, do not scruple to declare, that they never mind the sense of the Drama, nor the aptness of the words. Besides which, I should be glad to know, whether the amazing *softness* of the sing-songs of Signor Met-ais-t-ais-heooo can be more musical, and steal more pleasantly upon the ear, than the harmony of Milton, the enchanting melody of Pope, the sweetness of Waller, the smoothness of Sheridan, Colman, and other eminent poets of this nation. The charms of our versification cannot be matched in any other living language; and I need but mention the Epilogue to the Rivals, and the Prologue to Semiramis, to establish the truth of my assertion: nay, I will quote nothing but the following line of Spencer;

The Lilly, Lady of the flow'ry Field.

which, in point of musical sweetness, beats all that can be produced, even from

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Tasso.

Taffo. Now, Gentlemen, we come to the witchcraft, and magical tricks of the Prisoners: I suppose they are all in your memory, therefore it is needless to repeat them. I shall only observe, that from the exculpatory allegations, which have been produced in this cause, you are to judge of its intrinsic merit. It is the best criterion you can make use of, in order to determine whether the prisoners are guilty or not. Certain it is that the reasoning of the Defendant upon a proper analysis will be found rather specious than solid; he displays great ingenuity, but at the same time his arguments carry no conviction with them: to me it seems that he deals too much in sophistry. He has indeed offered many plausible observations in behalf of the Queen of Quavers; but after her defence, we are still convinced, that there is *something rotten in the State of Denmark*. Upon the whole, the advocate of the prisoners has betrayed the badness of his cause, by his numerous sophistical evasions, and by the frequency of his paralogisms. To instance the most obvious of 'em; you remember, Gentlemen, that the innocence of Dicky Blunderall, is deduced from his confessed dulness and cowardice, because the Defendant thinks the Devil is too subtle, and that he knows his interest too well, ever to
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associate with a Fool and a Poltron, especially as it is said, that the object of the Devil's partnership, was no less than the extermination of the Moon, which is inhabited by warlike and brave people, in consequence whereof, they carry a lion in their coat of arms, as the emblem of their strength. Now the first part of this argument is immediately overthrown by common experience, whereby we are taught, that the Devil does often employ old women and silly creatures for his mischievous ends; and that block-heads in general, are his most proper and usual tools. As to the second part, I am sorry to observe, that it is extremely ominous to the Lunatick Empire, for we are assured by Plutarch *, that a few days before the death of Alexander the Great, a Jackass killed a Lion by a single kick, which proved the presage of the approaching ruin of the Empire of Macedonia. Thus, *a part*, Dick, may undoubtedly be an overmatch for the Lion of the Moon, and actually effect the destruction of this country. Another preposterous plea offered in favour of the prisoners, is the allegorical turn given to the Lycanthropy of Dicky, and to the necromantick instruments, found in possession of Goody Crooks. Allegories are diverting and commendable in Poetry, because fiction is the element of

* Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

that Science, but they are utterly exploded in Philosophy, ridiculous in Physick, unheard of in Law, and extremely dangerous in Divinity: the Typical Doctrine being very often the School of Atheism, and the Mask of Infidelity. Upon the ground of a mere tropical conception I have heard people advance, that *the Fruit of that forbidden Tree, whose mortal taste brought Death into the World*, was not an Apple, but something better, or at least an Apple like that mentioned by Virgil, ecl. 3. 64.

Malo me Galatea petit lasciva puella.

and that our general mother Eve, was not beguiled by a Serpent, but by an *Electrical Eel*. Thus literal truths are shamefully refined into whimsical mysteries, by chimerical brains: but among all their wanton interpretations, I never met with any thing more openly disgraceful and scandalous than the following exposition of the story of Samson, by a modern Politician. According to his fantastical notion, Samson is said to have been amazingly strong, and a very great man, because he was at the helm of a mighty Empire, and namely, first Lord of the Treasury in the Moon: his strength lay in his hair; that is, in the schemes of his budget, which were precisely as his hairs, some white, and some black, and no less numerous; whereupon it is

to

to be observed, that several oriental nations, commonly take the hairs for the thoughts in a figurative sense, on which account, the Serpents of Medusa have been construed into the torturing whims of an ungrateful and cruel-hearted Coquette; and there are places in Europe, where the wig is very often mistaken for the head.--The first achievement of the strong man, was, that he encountered a Lion, and rent him as he would a Kid; and after a time, he went to look at the Lion's carcase, and was extremely surprised to see a swarm of Bees and Honey in it's mouth. The meaning whereof, is supposed to be, that he supplanted, and actually knocked his Predecessor down, who roared like a Lion for the loss of his place, and that after his triumph, he was obliged to stare at the *gouty carcase* of his antagonist, and to admire the honey of eloquence dropping from his tongue.—And so far as much as he caught three hundred Foxes, and dexterously linking their tails together, put several fire-brands in the midst of 'em, and then drove the creatures into the standing corn of the enemy; we are given to understand, that he did *cunningly* tie three hundred *Members* down to his good will and pleasure, and afterwards bid 'em carry Fire and Sword, Scalping Knives, and Tomahawks over the Philistines in *A merry key*.—The cords wherewith he was bound,

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and which suddenly loosened from off his hands, are an evident figure of the impotent efforts of the Minority.—It is likewise reported that he was very much to blame, for trusting his wife with a secret: a clear hint that his most capital blunder was the confidence he placed in an old Woman called General G—e.—That he put forth a riddle, exceedingly obscure, seems to intimate the enigmatical conduct of the Ministry in the Moon, which no body can comprehend. For how is it possible to guess the reason, why after so many pompous gazettes, all wrapt up in laurels, the Lunatick Empire should still be forced to undergo the excruciating operation of Italian squallers, and have it's colonies cut off?—With the Jaw-bone of an Ass he slew a thousand men, and caused water to spring from the Jaw: this evidently points at the first success of the Ass—ians, or at the fine *Sermons* of General Back-going, and at all his amazing triumphs, for which this distracted nation got nothing but a refreshment of water-gruel.—He then fell in love with an harlot, and got himself into a terrible scrape, for he went to *Gaza*, for her sake, where his enemies, who laid wait for him, watched the opportunity, and shut him up in the City; when his perdition would have been inevitable, had it not been for the *Gates*, which happened to be so very light, that he clapped

ped them on his shoulders, and made his escape. A truly excellent parable, which shews, that a certain General B——, who is to be reputed a member of the Strong Man, being in love with a Strumpet, called Mrs. *Imprudence*, was enticed by her to go to *Gaze*, where he lost himself, and was immediately taken in by his numerous enemies, who being all Farmers and Taylors, composed an army, infinitely more formidable than the Macedonian Phalanx, so that the intrepid General *Preacher*, was forced to decline all thoughts of resistance, and his utter destruction was hanging over his head, when his chance was to meet with a light-headed mock General, called *Jemmy Gates*, who let him slip through his fingers.—The conclusion is, that the Strong Man lost his eyes, for after the affair of the *Gates*, his situation grew so very deplorable, that he could no more see any resource, and in a fit of despair, he took hold of the two middle pillars, upon which the house stood, and after having bowed himself with all his might, the house fell upon the Lords, and upon all the people. Nothing can be more perspicuous than this; for it indicates a terrible confusion in both houses in the Moon, and the subversion of the Empire, together with the Philistines.—From this specimen, Gentlemen, you may see the necessity of rejecting every sort of remote allusion,

allusion, and far fetched interpretation, especially in law. Our business is to adhere to the strict sense of the letter, as our good fathers did. And truly when the holy text is thus misapplied, it is time to look about us, and to strain every nerve, in order to check the airy petulance of freethinkers, and to stop the progress of so pernicious an evil. We shall next proceed to the examination of an argument of the Defendant, which, like a piece of Artillery, pointed the wrong way, instead of defending, does in reality offend and injure the Prisoners. His position is, that the uncommon pecuniary success of the Queen of Quayers and her Associates, in their harmonical undertaking, is not owing to any witchery, but entirely to their industry and prudence; and he rests his affirmation on the following facts: That they have reduced all their Subjects to half pay—Made use of Tattered Dresses and Wretched Decorations,—Destroyed the Privileges of the Nobility—Confined some of 'em in the Garrets—Introduced Jews and Infidels into the House of Lords—and converted the Coffee-Room into a Spunging-House.—To these sordid and impertinent measures, is ascribed the advancement in the prisoners fortune, and their necromancy left out of the question. But for my own part, I must confess, that this matter strikes me in a quite different light.

light. I think that the circumstances, which have been alleged, far from being favourable to the prisoners at the bar, do but aggravate their condition, and clinch as it were the nail of their condemnation. For, if there is no incantation or witchery in the case, how will it then be possible to conceive that the first Nobility in the Moon, would put up with the insolent behaviour of Polly Farmer and Dicky Blunderall? That they would suffer themselves to be confined in the Garrets? To be mixed with Jews, and carried twice a week to a Spunging-house? And, after all, that they would submit to pay Half a Guinea for a Sleeping Opera, which lasts no longer than three hours, while for Sixpence, any Apothecary will make them sleep for ever? Their senses must certainly be subdued by some extraordinary spell or conjuration; there is no other way of accounting for their intellectual weakness. The Chronicles of St. Francis relate, that St. Anthony of Padua, an Italian Monk, while he was eating his dinner on a Friday, was accosted by the Devil, who slyly got into the refectory, in the figure of a Beggar, with a wooden leg, and asked him some charity, whereupon St. Anthony gave him a Fish, which Old Nick presently transformed into a *Capon*, and then shewed it about the streets of Padua, taunting the holy Friar,

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and

and reflecting on his morals for eating meat on a Friday. The same diabolical trick, *mutatis mutandis*, has often been played by the prisoners, since they endeavoured to persuade us, that a *Capon* has the pipe of a Nightingale, and that a *Cast-Rat* is a Canary-bird; and the good of the story is, that the people in the Moon are more ready to believe the Queen of Quavers, than the Italians the Devil. In consequence of all this, the witchery of the prisoners becomes an incontrovertible truth, and the fallacious ratiocination of the Defendant, cannot but stare us in the face. As to his three evidences, they are much of a piece with his argument, for they serve only to fix the culpability of his clients, and to seal up the grounds of the prosecution. We need only examine the Witnesses' profession, to be convinced of the fallaciousness of their testimony: the first declares to have lived about two years by making *blind Affidavits*; the second is a shameless Quack, who pretends to cure the Humpback of an Old Woman, and who has the effrontery to offer his Venereal Nostrum to this Court: and the third a downright Jack-on-all-fides. Gentlemen, I am now gone through all the essential points of the cause before you, and I think it needless to enlarge any farther upon it. You have heard the proofs of the charge, as well as the arguments of the defence;

defence; so your duty is, to weigh them both in an even balance, and to remember that equity, no less than justice, must determine your opinion.

Orbis ad Imperium non satis una soror.

Should any circumstance seem to give a plausible colour to the offences and misdemeanors of the prisoners, or, if I may be allowed the expression, should any accident only squint in their favour, you must not fail to lay a stress upon it; and if you cannot possibly make it the ground of an absolute acquitment, it will at least help you to soften the verdict; for, above all things, a Jury should always propend towards mercy, although it often proves the nurse of rogues, and the mother of mischief. I am informed that the Queen of Quavers, a few months ago, fell into a pond, and that she swam ashore, as safe as a goose. This is an incident not to be forgot; for as all witches are known to *sink*, so the swimming of the Queen of Quavers, might perhaps be the means of bringing her off. But before I close my subject, I will not omit to recommend to you, that if any part of the accusation should look suspicious, or betray some evil intention, or any malice, against the prisoners, then you must immediately judge the whole prosecution totally void, and ineffectual. This is a necessary precaution against the malignity of the

world. The arrows of calumny have been levelled against the Sun, and pointed at the Celestial Powers. Angels have been degraded, and Gods dethroned by the daring insolence of earthly creatures, and there is among us a set of publick defamers, who strive to imitate *Longinus*, not the author of the sublime, but the infamous Jew, who stabbed the innocence of Heaven*; whereof we have had a fresh instance in a certain infamous and lying Epistle, published against the most virtuous and amiable Lady in the Universe, the honourable Mrs. Damer. I would therefore advise you, Gentlemen of the Jury, to arm yourselves with every sort of circumspection. Above all, you must not lose sight of the importance of the question before you; it is not the trial of a *Feather*, for which a certain enchanting, noble-minded, and charitable Duchess†, the

* The Soldier, who, according to St. John, pierced the side of our Saviour, was called *Longinus*.

† The following Lines were written a few months ago, in answer to all the brutish and insignificant scurrilities published against the fashionable Feathers.

To her Grace the most ingenious, and most generous Duchess of Devonshire.

Wit is a feather: this we all admit,
But sure each feather in your cap is wit.

'Tis the best flight of genius to improve

The smiles of beauty, and the bliss of love,

Like

the best ornament of this nation, has been so often arraigned by a parcel of savages. In the present cause, we have every thing at stake. If the charges brought against the Prisoners are not equivocal, but agreeable to facts, then our desolation is evident, our general despondency is no longer a problem, and nothing but the wisdom of your decision can snatch the Moon from the jaws of perdition.

PRISONERS DEFENCE.

Dicky Blunderall.

O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! that I should be taken for a Conjurer? Gemmen of the Jury, and please your Lordship, I am as innocent as the child unborn; I never saw Mr. *Pitt-anger-us** in my life, nor Mr. *Disaster*†, and Mr. *Apple-onions*‡ neither. —I don't know such persons—I keeps better company.—As for Sir *Tom-Afs*§, to

Like beams around the sun, your feathers shine,
And raise the splendor of your charms divine:
Such plumes, the worth of mighty conqu'rors shew,
For who can conquer hearts so well as you?
When on your head I see those flutt'ring things,
I think that love is there, and claps his wings.
Feathers help'd Jove to fan his am'rous flame,
Cupid has feathers, Angels wear the same;
Since then from Heav'n their origin we trace,
Preserve the fashion, it becomes your GRACE.

* Pythagoras.

† Zoroaster.

‡ Apollonius.

§ St. Thomas.

he sure we have cracked together many a bottle of brandy, but I never heard any thing of him ever since he was hanged for a Rape. — Discharge me, my Lord, pray do, and I'll give your Lordship a box in the upper stories, by Mr. Abraham the Jew, and if the Gentlemen of the Jury should, *as how,* wish to take a peep at my Italian Puppet-Show, I'll give them an order for twelve, to be admitted, when the Old Petticoat of the Queen of Quavers, that is, the Curtain is up.

The Queen of Quavers.

I D—n! your wig, my Lord, what do you keep me here for? Zounds, I am a woman of consequence, and I won't be *badder'd* so — I shall certainly speak to my friends — but, d—n me, they are all dead by this time — and you, Mr. Jury, what do you mean by this? *Twig! am, twig! em,* — a pack of ignorant, filthy, blasted Cheese-mongers — Damnation seize you all — may a shower of curses rain on the Moon, and every sort of *ruination* fall on your noddles.

Goody Crooks.

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, you must commiserate the unfortunate Queen: she is always a little passionate after dinner, and besides, this indelicate affair

• The new Curtain is said to be made up of old Petticoats. could

could not but turn her brains topsyturvy. For my part, it has thrown me into such a dismal situation, that I am afraid I shall miscarry before to-morrow mornning.

Ld. Why, are you with child, Goody?

G. C. I am just three weeks gone.

Ld. What age are you?

G. C. Seventy - seven next Christmas, but I am as fruitful as Mrs. Sarah, the wife of the Patriarch.

Ld. I see that your intention is to plead your belly?

G. C. It is my last resource, but I hope I shall not stand in need of it; for, with regard to myself, your Lordship and the Jury may well rest assured, that you have taken the wrong sow by the ear.

For Dicky Bunderall.

Mr. Punch.

I have known the prisoner forty years, or thereabouts: I remember when he first set out with his Bartholomew tricks, and I lived with him for a great while, but sure I have no great reason to give him a good word; for he always treated me like a Negro. Once, being extremely ill, and in very pinching circumstances, I applied to him for some relief; but he sent me this blunt answer, that he would have nothing to do with the charitable fund.

Another

Another time, he refused to pay my Salary, because why, a Whore had pick'd his pocket, and I could not get from him the value of a *Birmingham Shilling*, 'till I forced him by law. Yet, considering that we are all christians; I come here on purpose to aid him in his present difficulty, and, as they say, to help a lame dog over a stile. I am therefore ready to take an affidavit, that Mr. Dicky is no Conjuror: to be sure, with regard to his interest, he is as knowing as Newgate, but in every other respect he is the greatest Booby that ever lived.

For the Queen of Quavers,

Bab Coming, Esq.

I am now a Gentleman of Fortune, and a Member for *Bribingshire*, the first county in the Moon; but about thirty years ago I was a Waiter, and had a great many opportunities of seeing the prisoner; she then went by the name of Moll, and bore an excellent character; I heard several Gentlemen speak of her in the highest terms, and quite in raptures, they usually called her the best piece in the Moon.

For Goody Crooks,

Mr. Octavo,

I am an old Bookseller, and think myself bound in conscience, to declare before this Court, that the prisoner Goody,

is

is no Witch; for she once wrote for me an Almanack, wherein she mistook every particular, the event always proving the reverse of what she had marked down; for instance, whenever she foretold a rainy day, it never failed to turn out a dry weather, so that the next year I was obliged to sell all her Almanacks to a Grocer, in Cheap-side, as I did her other productions.

The Jury withdrew for about ten minutes, when they returned into Court, and pronounced the prisoners GUILTY, DEATH.

A few days after, they were all three reprieved, through the interest of the Premier, who represented to his Majesty, that he had two Schemes in the Budget of this Session, which could not be carried into execution, without the Queen of Quavers, and her Associates. The first of these schemes is to transport the Kingdom of Quavers, with all its retinue, into *A-merry-key*, for the purpose of exhibiting Italian Operas before the Right Honourable Congress, when Signor Jar— will be desired to lead the band; and this will certainly prove the most effectual way of putting an end to all our intestine broils and disturbances; for when the Giants rebelled against the Gods, their temerity was immediately quashed by

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Some Italian Singers *, who brayed the rebels into eternal confusion. But in case the first scheme should not be found practicable, the Premier has most sagaciously imagined to lay a Tax of a Penny on each Quaver to be met with in the Lunatick Empire, which, in consequence of the nice calculations of Mr. Mo—worth, who is now settled in the Moon, will just be sufficient to pay off the national Debt.

* The Singers sent by the Gods against the rebellious Giants were certainly Italians, since the termination of their names, according to Claudian, Hyginus, and others, was in *ini*, that is, *Asini*, as Italian names do generally end.

F I N I S.

TRIALS at LAW, and ARGUMENTS of COUNSEL, accurately taken in Short Hand, by Joseph Democritus and William Diogenes, in the Moon.

The ELEMENTS of *Brachygraphy*, or Short-Writing, made easy to the meanest Capacity. By Mr. Cloud, Doctor of Divinity.

E R R A T A

- P. 5. l. 32. *proceed to a detail of*, read, *proceed to detail of*, the, &c.
 P. 6. l. 7. *shall rest*, read, *I shall rest*, &c.
 P. 10. l. 30. *lute surrender*, read, *shameful surrender*.
 P. 22. l. 4. *several others*, read, *several other*.
 P. 64. l. 15. *Petrarque*, read, *Petrarch*, &c.
 P. 78. l. 18. *of sub-mortal*, read, *of mortal*, &c.
 P. 127. l. 12. *before Signora Sestini*, read, *Signora Giorgi*, the first Singer of Italy.